

POEMS

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POEMS

BY

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PREFACE.

SOME of the poems published in 1860 and in 1889 are omitted from this collection.

Dr. Johnson asked, "In sacred poetry, who has succeeded?" I desire, however, to call attention to the "Hymns and Psalms," because I fear for many good reasons they may be altogether passed over, and I hope that they are worthy of consideration. I gladly take this opportunity of thanking my critics for their friendly notices of my "Interludes" and for their genial welcome of an amateur.

IVY BANK, BECKENHAM.

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POEMS.

1897.

AUTUMN.

HERE, while the Autumn winds are sadly sighing,—
Here, while the yellow leaves are falling, dying,—
Here sit I thinking how the years are flying,
Flying away.

Too soon the child finds evil days attending;
Too soon the youth with care and age is bending;
Too soon the old man's labours have an ending;—
Ah, well-a-day!

What have we done? What good for future ages?
What evil wrought? What mark on History's pages?
What trace will last?—Oblivion for our wages,
Deaths and decays!

Who knows? The loudest of triumphal noises
Reach not the sky. But gently pleading voices
May send one sigh, at which all Heaven rejoices—
Pæans of praise.

Loud blow the winds—the yellow leaves are dying.
Far, far away the swallows now are flying;
Here with the Spring they homeward will be hieing
Back to their nest.

Work while thou may'st—befriended or forsaken,
Lulled in calm seas, or tempest-overtaken,—
Still to the last work on with faith unshaken—
Then leave the rest.

CHURCH-STRETTON, 1893.

(*See Sonnet on Church-Stretton, post-Poems, 1889.*)

OH for the splendour of the dawning day,—
Th' unsullied freshness of the morning air!
Poor trickling stream, how feebly now thy way
Is traced, half-hidden, through thy channel bare,
Who late so lustily did'st splash and play
A noisy torrent! Yet, behold how fair—
Yea, fairer for the loss of joys that were,

Seems now the vale. With gorse the hills are gay
In a resplendent beauty. Not in vain
Th' alchemic sun has laboured. For, behold !
What though the sultry months vouchsafe no rain,
Nor silver streams, the hills are turned to gold.
New beauty starts to life, where dies the old,
And fills the soul with gratitude again.

FEBRUARY.

BUT yesterday the west winds blew ;
The daisies peeped, the grasses grew ;
The hopeful thrush his love was telling ;
Too soon the lilac buds were swelling ;
And all the woods in purple hue.

Ah me! these bitter winds and chill
This eager tenderness may kill ;
And yet, in spite of frost returning,
Oh, somewhere, hid from our discerning,
The heart of Spring is beating still.

Our fondest hopes, untimely fair,
Perchance may feel the nipping air ;

Yet, far from human vision hiding,
In the great heart of God abiding,
The power of Life and Love is there.

THE MYSTERY.

I.

COMPLEXITY of motion, warring force,
Vast unimaginable worlds, fierce strife
Of matter and of spirit, death and life,
Sudden destruction, and decay's slow course,
Evil and sin, the demon of remorse,
Inevitable parting, fruitless pain,
Wild bursts of passion, habit's tightening chain,—
Mysterious all, and haunted by a curse !—
Confused and unintelligible rout
Of some mad war, waged in a darkness dim,
Lit only by wild gleams from depths of doubt,
Where none dare stand upright, but crouch and
grope.
Still through the night trim thou the lamp of hope
Wait on till morn,—wait patiently for Him !

II.

Purpureal splendours of the evening sky,
The rosy dawn, the everlasting hills,
The myriad-spangled ocean, glittering rills,
The song of birds, the emerald grass, the high
Blue of the vaulted heaven, the soft sigh
Of heavy-scented breezes, when the night
Is flooded with the moon's mysterious light,
Thoughts of past ages, lore of times gone by,
Wonders to come, art, knowledge, deathless fame,
Fond dreams of hope, or satisfied desire,
Sweet intercommuning of souls, the flame
Of love supreme, the crowning bliss of all!
When life seems sweetest, save us or we fall!
Save, Lord, oh, save us, though it be by fire!

SONG.

FAIN would I speak one word,
One tender tear to start;
Fain would I strike one chord,
To gladden one lonely heart.
That tear should swell, as a stream
Rolls down from the mountains high;
That chord expand, as the morning beam
Comes broadening over the sky.

STRIFE.

Lo, on the height of the mountain the sunshine and
cloud are contending.

Baffled, we gaze at the contest,—dimly our work
understand.

Larches and pine trees and rocks dashed down in
the tempest descending,—

Altruist, Optimist, Pessimist—lend us a hand!

You, with your faith in the future, to fears and fore-
bodings a stranger;

You, with your heart full of pity, longing your
love to expand;

You, with your subtle acumen, to warn and to guard
us from danger;

Optimist, Altruist, Pessimist—lend us a hand!

Lo, at the foot of the mountain the rocks in con-
fusion lie scattered,

Hoar with the growth of the ages, wreckage en-
cumbers the land.

Many brave souls—many feeble, destroyed in the
ruin and shattered,—

Pessimist, Altruist, Optimist—lend us a hand!

Here, 'neath the rock Sisyphean, shoulder to
shoulder we rally,
Here, on the barren hillside, toil we a resolute
band ;
Now, lest the weight overwhelm us, and plunge us
deep down in the valley,
Altruist, Optimist, Pessimist—lend us a hand !

NAPLES, 1828.

Liberation of Italy, p. 47, by Countess Casaresco.

EMILIO? Yes ! I killed him. Strange ! Alas,
I killed him though I loved him—loved him best ?
How can I tell ? Both were my lost one's sons.
I loved Diego better than my life—
Better than his, Emilio's life. Hold ! Hold !
I know not whether it is well to live :
To die is to be happy. Let me think !
Let me remember :—I am old and fond.
What was it the King said ? “Both, both must die.”
Oh, terrible ! Father, mother, no one left,—
None but these two brave boys. They must not die.
I cried aloud : “Not both. Let me—me die !”
He, cruel, devilish, shouted : “Both or one !

Choose thou the fairest." Oh, my God, my God,
Could'st thou not see a woman's agony?

Oh, blessed Virgin, is there none that hear
A woman's cry for pity. "Choose," he cried.

Diego has his father's eyes—my son
Who died for Italy—Emilio—ah!

Emilio, I have killed thee. Let me speak!

"Choose one, or both shall die." "Let me, for
both,"

I cried. He laughed: "Who cares to take your life?
But these young vipers bite: so take your choice."

I am not mad, I killed Emilio.

My brain is set a-fire. See, they stand

Locked in a last embrace. "Oh, mother dear,

Let us both die together." See, his eyes

Are turned on me—the dark boy there—he speaks.

Emilio is silent; his fair locks

Hiding his moist blue eyes. I cannot look!

"Away with them, away with them!" Hark! There!

I hear the rattle of the trooper's arms.

"Diego! Save him—save!" Then came the end—

I know no more. I killed Emilio!

"Diego?—yes, he died in battle. So

Should all men die. I will not weep for him.

Viva l'Italia! Would that I could die

For my own land! A woman old and weak,

My life or death recks not. Diego died
A glorious death—all pain and terror drowned
In one great roar of victory. He fell.
The foe, the foe slew *him*; and God shall slay
The slayers. But Emilio,—it was I
That slew my darling. Slay me, God, slay *me*,
Me, me, the murderer of Emilio!”

“TOO LATE.”

FIFTEEN long years, you tell me,—is it long?
Time has no meaning. Fifty years, or five—
I know not which is longer. Dead to me
Are all things that attest the lapse of time,—
The chiming hours, the sunset or sunrise,
Spring-time or Winter—meaningless to me!
Fifteen, or fifty, or it may be five;—
For the first year of my captivity
Was fifty years to me. At first I strove
And struggled fiercely with my fate. In vain
I dreamed of vengeance; and called curses down
From heaven, to blast the earth, and all mankind.
I sulked—refused to work. They punished me.
I raved, I fought—I know not what I did!
They flogged me; and at last I seized on one,

And well-nigh strangled him. I suffered for't;
I cared not for the pain,—the pain at heart
Was so much fiercer. For there haunted me
The villainy, the lies, the cruel wrongs,
The horror of the trial, day and night—
Horrible, day and night—a writhing snake
Twisting and turning in my brain!

Two years
Must, as I think, have passed, when I began
To lose all sense of living. Dull dismay
Seized on me,—deadness of the heart and mind.
I only know I ate, and slept, and worked.
Yet, as a dream recurs time after time,
The same, yet not the same, e'en so it seemed
That trial scene came back. Worst, worst of all,
At times I thought it might, perhaps, be true,
And *I*, the guilty murderer! Just God,
If such, my thoughts, were impious, forgive!
At times my brain went wandering farther still,
And I was then the very murderer,—
For *I*, was *he*, that other!—infamous!
You come from Sicily to set me free,—
A pardon! Ah, too late!

But I forget,—
What was I saying? Yes, at times, I see
A sort of vision.—When I think, and think,

And lose myself in thinking, all the past
 Crowds in upon my brain; my mind becomes
 Dark and confused with whirling incidents,
 Wild thoughts, and terrible phantasms, obscure
 And lurid, rising and vanishing away.
 Then all is clear! There, there he sits!—
 The hard-faced judge; he questions me again;
 And every question pricks me to the heart,
 And tingles in my veins.—The rack—the knout—
 Cannot outdo that torture! There! The wretch,
 The infamous man,—the witness (can it be!),
 Stands up with brazen forehead,—tells his lies
 As if reluctantly he spoke the truth:—
 "His wife—I killed his wife,—the wife he loved."
 Truly, the words came glibly from his lips!
 Why? If *he* could thus speak,—why could not *I*?
 I tried to shout,—I gasped "I'm innocent!
 Innocent! Oh, my life—my loved one! Dead?"

How could I slay the woman whom I loved?
 Why did they not believe me—could not see
 My face, my heart, my voice, all crying out
 "Not *I* but *he*?"

A sickening silence came
 After my cry. And I had fallen down,
 And lay upon the floor as in a swoon,

Through which the strange word "Guilty" struck
my ear,
Though not my brain. Sometimes I hear it now,
A separate word, haunting the stillness. Dead,
Or almost dead I lay. They raised me up.
Two soldiers held me. "Banishment for life!"
Again I heard, but heeded not the words.
"For life?"—for death, I think;—death and
despair!
For nevermore will life be life for me.

Fifteen years since! I wish that I could weep.
Father and mother dead—they know it now,—
They know that I am innocent. Yes, yes,
They knew it then, and all men know it now;
But I am broken-hearted—past all tears.
He died confessing his own guilt—too late!
Ten years ago I might have wept at it.¹

¹ The idea of this dramatic speech is gathered from an account in the daily papers sometime during the winter of 1896-97. I have taken a great deal of liberty with the facts.

LOVE, THE VICTOR.

I.

WHEN skies are all fair, and the bowers are green,
And birds in the woodlands sing,
When rivulets dance in the dazzling sheen,
And flowers their incense swing,
Oh, who can foreshadow the darkening days
That Winter time will bring?

II.

When cold blows the wind in the leafless trees,
When birds have forgotten to sing,
When chilly and silent the rivulets freeze,
When icicles glitter and cling,
Oh, who can remember the sunny rays,
And the glory that crowns the Spring?

III.

When friends are around us, we fondly dream
They never will cease to be nigh;
When friends are departed we sadly seem
To have bid them a last "good-bye";
But true love for ever as true love stays,
Though the world and all should die.

AN OLDE LYRIC.

I.

OH, saw ye my own true love, I praye,
My own true love so sweete?
For the flowers have lightly toss'd awaye
The prynte of her faery feete.
Now, how can we telle if she passed us bye?
Is she darke or fayre to see?
Like sloes are her eyes, or blue as the skies?
Is't braided her haire, or free?

II.

Oh, never by outward looke or signe,
My true love shall ye knowe;
There be many as fayre, and many as fyne,
And many as brighte to showe.
But if ye coude looke with angel's eyes,
Which into the soule can see,
She then would be seene as the matchless Queene
Of Love and Puritie.

LULLABY.

SLEEP, little baby, sleep, love, sleep !
Evening is coming, and night is nigh ;
Under the lattice the little birds cheep,
All will be sleeping by and by.
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, love, sleep !
Darkness is creeping along the sky ;
Stars at the casement glimmer and peep,
Slowly the moon comes sailing by.
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, love, sleep !
Sleep till the dawn has awakened the sky ;
Under the lattice the little birds cheep,
All will be waking by and by.
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

ISLE OF WIGHT—SPRING, 1891.

I KNOW not what the cause may be,
Or whether there be one or many ;
But this year's Spring has seemed to me
More exquisite than any.

What happy days we spent together
In that fair Isle of primrose flowers !
How brilliant was the April weather !
What glorious sunshine and what showers !

I think the leaves peeped out and in
At every change from cold to heat ;
The grass threw off a livelier sheen
From dewdrops sparkling at our feet.

What wealth of early bloom was there—
The wind flow'r and the primrose pale,
On bank or copse, and orchis rare,
And cowslip covering Wroxhall dale.

And, oh, the splendour of the sea,—
The blue belt glimmering soft and far,
Through many a tumbled rock and tree
Strewn 'neath the overhanging scar !

'Tis twenty years and more, since here,
As man and wife we sought this Isle,
Dear to us both, O wife most dear,
And we can greet it with a smile.

Not now alone we come once more,
But bringing young ones of our brood—

One boy (Salopian), and four
Girls, blooming into maidenhood.

And I had late begun to fret
And sicken at the sordid town—
The crime, the guilt, and, loathlier yet,
The helpless, hopeless sinking down ;

The want, the misery, the woe,
The stubborn heart which will not turn ;
The tears which will or will not flow ;
The shame which does or does not burn.

And Winter's frosts had proved unkind,
With darkest gloom and deadliest cold ;
A time which will be brought to mind,
And talked of, when our boys are old.

And thus the contrast seemed to wake
New vigour in the heart and brain ;
Sea, land, and sky conspired to make
The jaded spirit young again ;

Or hopes for growing girl or boy,
Or thankfulness for things that be,
Or sweet content in wedded joy,
Set all the world to harmony.

And so I know not if it be
That there are causes one or many,
But this year's Spring still seems to me
More exquisite than any.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE DENMAN.¹

1896.

AN UNRHYMED SONNET.

“NOT a great lawyer”:—Well, that may be so:
I care not greatly for that parrot-cry;
Here is his portrait on my study wall.
Integrity and Dignity sit there,
A wise Experience and Thoughtfulness,—
Firm to rebuke the Wrong, uphold the Right.
Perhaps I trace a wearied, far-off look
About the eyes. Nay, you are wrong, my friend,
I am not much imposed upon by robes.
Forget the office—think but of the man,
Kindly and cultured, stately, gracious, true,
Robed or unrobed, a man to be beloved.
Come now, I'll cap your sneer with one plain
word—
“There sits a truly noble Englishman.”

¹ By permission of the editor of *Punch*.

TOWYN, NORTH WALES.

TIRED of the blustering waves, and ceaseless moan
Of high tempestuous winds, we sought the hills
A league away inland. The slender rills,
That wandered down the mountains all alone,
Tinkled a noiseless noise through fern and stone
Into the placid lake, upon whose breast
The giant form of Cader lay at rest
In tranquil splendour. When the day was done,
Leaving our quiet valley for the strand,—
Again the swish of waves, and winds that blow
The fluttering foam-flakes, rocking to and fro
The feathered tamarisk braving the salt sea.
What though in midst of tempest we may be,
Not far away there lies a peaceful land.

ODE TO SUMMER.

I.

GONE are the smiles, gone are the tears of Spring !
The blush, the bloom, has passed away.
The earth no more is gay.
The birds have ceased their jocund songs to sing ;
Hush'd is the nightingale ;
And hill and dale
Sleep silent through the day.

'Neath the fierce blinding light,
The cornflow'r blue, and poppy fiery bright
In the hot cornfields deck the yellowing blade.
The drowsy kine are hiding in the shade,
Or in the rippling shallows dreaming stand;
And vapours shimmer on the burning land.

II.

Gone are the smiles, gone are the tears of Spring!
Weary I watch the pillowy clouds asleep
 Upon the everlasting blue serene;
Wearily watch the flies on glittering wing,
Poising among the flowers; bees which keep
Their million murmurings in the odorous limes,
 Though hardly to be seen;
Wearily watch the swifts a hundred times
Whirl, interspers'd in many a mazy round
The livelong day, high up in heaven profound;
 Nor ever light, nor rest a tirèd wing,
 Nor cease from their shrill twittering—
Late-comers, and soon-leavers of our climes.

III.

Calm season of repose and peaceful thought!
Patient renewer of the bodily frame,

And soother of the soul ! All things are brought
By thee, in quiet, to their perfect end,
And full fruition. Who shall call thee tame ?
Each season hath its own peculiar charm—
Can its own message to the spirit send,
Yet not the same.

The hard-faced Winter has a heart can warm
At want, and care, and suffering ;
The joyous welcome of advancing Spring
Can cheer the toilsome traveller's return ;
And Autumn, lingering out a last farewell,
Can make the bosom swell

With thoughts that burn,
So sweetly sad,
So sadly sweet,
As half to cheat,
And wile us into being glad.

IV.

But you, fair Summer, stay with us, oh stay,
As long time as you may !
Dear, unaffected Summer, with your honest smile,
Oh stay with us awhile !
A constant friend, an ever-welcome guest,
Giving a strength, a confidence supreme,

A hope, a faith, a warmth within the breast,
A light, a joy, an influence rare
That shall endure, though sunshine be withdrawn,
Through Autumn's fading dream,
And through the night of Winter, to the dawn
Of love and light, and all things sweet and fair.

SERENADE.

MORNING.

I HAVE been dreaming only—
Only dreaming of thee,
All through the dark night lonely,
Longing the light to see.

Here, where the dewdrop shimmers,
Sinking into the lawn,—
Here, where the last star glimmers,
Dying away at dawn,—

Trembling, I come to greet thee,—
Lo, as the star and dew,
Though it were death to meet thee,
Strike me dead too.

AUTUMN SONG.

I.

CRIMSON and gold in the Autumn sky !

Crimson and gold on the trees !

Crimson and gold in the wood and the wold,

Where the gossamers shake in the breeze !

Ah me, for the splendour that fades !

Well-a-day, for the beauty that dies,—

For the vanishing bloom in the deepening gloom

Of the dark November skies !

II.

Crimson and gold ! Crimson and gold !

Brighter and ruddier still !

But the year is old, and the death-bell told

When December winds are chill.

Well-away, for the glory that wanes !

And, alas, for the leaves that are sear !

For the Spirit has fled, and the Body lies dead,

Till the Spring time of the year.

THE KNIGHT OF THE FOREST.

HIGH in the heaven flamed the burning sun,
Piercing the green leaves of the wood ; and smote
Grey trunks of beech, and silver stems of birch,
Wild arms of oak ; and, dappling the soft sward,
Glittered on lakes of rippling hyacinth,
Pink campion, stitchworth, purple bugloss, backed
With bowers of May, mocking the Winter snows.
The birds had hush'd their singing. 'Twas midday,
And hot as Summer. All the latent life
Of the wild wood lay sleeping in the heat.
A hundred odours breathed through the warm air,
Deliciously oppressive. Not a sound
Stirred in the thicket ; only here and there
A trickling streamlet wandered through the flowers,
Making a murmur scarcely audible,
And hushed upon the humming of a bee.
Bright butterflies came suddenly to sight,
And went so swiftly, that a man might think
The flowers had parted with their souls. A cloud
Of nimble gnats danced in each column of light,
Cleaving the foliage.

'Twas a day to dream
Of love and idleness. Oh, then to die

Seems sweeter than to strive !—

A gentle knight

Was riding through the forest all alone.
White was his steed, and silver white his plume,
And white his burnish'd armour, greaves, and casque ;
But golden all the hair, like falling fire,
From underneath the helm, flowed on the neck
And massy shoulders ; silver the bridle rein,
And silver shone the bugle by his side ;
And silver flowers were wreathed upon the sheath
Of the silver-hafted sword. His vizor raised,
Showed a fair face and youthful, with blue eyes,—
Blue as the bluebells which they looked upon,—
Lips pink as campion, shaded by the down
Of coming manhood ; like a rosebud, he,
Seeming a part of all the lovely day
That danced and played around him. Listlessly
He seemed to ride, as in a dream, and let
The rein hang loosely. As he rode he sang :—

“ Roses, roses, white and red,
Scatter them over my true love's bed ;
Then, if she waken, they shall be
Gifts to remind her of love and me.

“ Roses, roses, red and white,
Scatter them over my bed at night ;

Then, if I waken, I shall see
Sweets that shall tell me of love and thee.

“Roses, roses, wild and sweet,
Sweet as the kisses when lovers meet !
Ah ! when they waken, shall they see
Roses, roses, or miserie?”

So sang he, as he rode with loosen'd rein ;
Then, on a sudden start or stumble, lo !—
He raised his eyes, and in his path beheld
A lady mounted on a night-black steed.
Twice twenty silver bells, which music made
To every motion, hung from the arched neck
Of her wild palfrey. Crimson velvet, trimmed
With goldsmith's subtlest work and ivory,
Adorned the saddle. All her dress was white—
A flowing skirt, which let one little foot
Show in the stirrup. From the slender waist
The form, voluptuous, swelled to the white neck,
The breast scarce hidden, and the movement free
And unabashed. Soft plumes of snowy white
Waved o'er her cap, beneath whose shade there glowed
Eyes of a fiery black, dark-pencilled brows
And lashes ; but pure white the skin, and red
The flushing of the cheeks and pouting lips
Luxurious. In her right hand she held

Her bow, and in her belt bright arrows shone.
Her left hand held the reins, and kept in leash
Three nimble greyhounds, while three dogs of scent
Followed her horse's heels. So fair the sight,
His eyes seemed blinded as he looked on her.
Shivering with terror, and with ears thrown back,
The knight's horse motionless stood, head crouched,
Distended nostrils, flinging flakes of foam
On stiffening limbs. The lady onward came ;
Then reined her steed, and bow'd a smiling face,
Saying, "Sir Knight, how came ye in this wood?"
But he, amazed, bent to his saddle bow—
"Fair vision, if thou cam'st from Heaven, speak,
And bid me be thy slave ; thee to obey
I will be bound 'gainst all the world in arms."
"Wilt thou be bound, fair youth," the lady said ;
"Those who are slaves to me must give up all
To do my bidding,—truth, and fame, and right,
Love of their kind, high purposes, and deeds
Of daring, and the hope of brighter worlds :—
All these they must forego, nor flinch nor turn ;
Can'st thou do this for me?"

She, bending down,
Half coyly, from her palfrey, threw one arm
Over his shoulder, while her other hand
Sought his, which held the bridle. Her hot breath

Burned on his cheek, and her bright eyes shot fire
Into his own. His right arm round her waist,
Held her full breast to his, and their lips met
In a wild whirl of passion, "Love, my love,
Here let us rest within this wood so fair."

E'en as he spoke,

A darkness gathered over the wild wood,
Stillness and stifling gloom, as though the air
Was haunted by approaching horror, stricken dumb
And motionless with fear; until the storm
Burst furious, crashing through the heaving trees,
Moaning, while gleams of light through torrent
showers

Incessant flashed. Rolling and cracking peals
Of thunder shook the forest. Serpents and toads
And lissome lizards hurried across the paths.
All creatures of the midnight, bats and owls,
Bewildered beat the branches. The song birds
Fled far, affrighted. All the flowers drooped
Under the pelting storm. Long time the rage
And fury of the tempest lasted; till
It spent itself, aweary of its work;
And in the east, lo! the faint blush of dawn.

LETTER FROM THE TOWN MOUSE
TO THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

I.

OH, for a field, my friend ; oh, for a field !

I ask no more

Than one plain field, shut in by hedgerows four,
Contentment sweet to yield.

For I am not fastidious,

And with a proud demeanour I

Will not affect invidious

Distinctions about scenery.

I sigh not for the fir trees where they rise
Against Italian skies,

Swiss lakes, or Scottish heather,

Set off by glorious weather.

Such sights as these,

The most exacting please ;

But I, lone wanderer in London streets,

Where every face one meets

Is full of care, and seems to wear

A troubled air of being late for some affair

Of life or death :—thus I, e'en I,

Long for a field of grass, flat, square, and green,
Thick hedges set between,

Without or house or bield,

A sense of quietude to yield,

And heave a longing sigh—

Oh, for a field, my friend ; oh, for a field !

II.

For here the loud streets roar themselves to rest

With hoarseness every night ;

And greet returning light

With noise and roar, renewed with greater zest.

Where'er I go,

Full well I know

The eternal grinding wheels will never cease.

There is no place of peace !

Rumbling, roaring, and rushing,

Hurrying, crowding, and crushing,

Noise and confusion, and worry, and fret,

From early morning to late sunset—

Ah me ! but when shall I respite get—

What cave can hide me, or what covert shield ?

So still I sigh,

And raise my cry,

Oh, for a field, my friend ; oh, for a field !

III.

The fields are bright, and all bedight
With buttercups and daisies ;
Oh, how I long to quit the throng
Of human forms and faces :
The vain delights, the empty shows,
The toil and care bewild'rin',
To feel once more the sweet repose
Calm Nature gives her children.
At times the thrush shall sing, and hush
The twitt'ring yellow-hammer ;
The blackbird fluster from the bush
With panic-stricken clamour ;
The finch in thistles hide from sight,
And snap the seeds and toss 'em ;
The blue-tit hop, with pert delight,
About the crab-tree blossom ;
The homely robin shall draw near,
And sing a song most tender ;
The black-cap whistle soft and clear,
Swayed on a twig top slender ;
The weasel from the hedgerow creep,
So crafty and so cruel,
The rabbit from the tussock leap,
And splash the frosty jewel.

I care not what the season be—
Spring, summer, autumn, winter—
In morning sweet, or noon-day heat,
Or when the moonbeams glint, or
When rosy beams and fiery gleams,
And floods of golden yellow,
Proclaim the sweetest hour of all—
The evening mild and mellow.
There, though the spring shall backward keep,
And loud the March winds bluster,
The frail anemone shall peep
Through loveliest leaves in cluster.
There primrose pale or violet blue
Shall gleam between the grasses;
And stitchwort white fling starry light,
And bluebells blaze in masses.
As summer grows and spring-time goes,
O'er all the hedge shall ramble
The woodbine and the wilding rose,
And blossoms of the bramble.
When autumn comes, the leafy ways
To red and yellow turning,
With hips and haws the hedge shall blaze,
And scarlet briony burning.
When winter reigns, and sheets of snow
The flowers and grass lie under;

The sparkling hoar frost yet shall show,
A world of fairy wonder.

IV.

To me more dear such scenes appear,
Than this eternal racket,
No longer will I fret and fag!
Hey! call a cab, bring down my bag,
And help me quick to pack it.

For here one must go where every one goes,
And meet shoals of people whom one never knows,
Till it makes a poor fellow dyspeptic;
And the world wags along with its sorrows and
shows,
And will do just the same when I'm dead, I suppose;

And I'm rapidly growing a sceptic.
For its oh, alas, well-a-day, and a-lack!
I've a pain in my head and an ache in my back;
A terrible cold that makes me shiver,
And a general sense of a dried-up liver;
And I feel I can hardly bear it.
And it's oh for a field with four hedgerows,
And the bliss which comes from an hour's repose,
And a true, true friend to share it.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! Not all unwilling to depart

I stand upon the margin of the shore.

Forgive me: I am sorrowful at heart

To say the words, "No more."

No more! Yet would I strike another key.

Nor here, nor now can I foresee the end;

But from afar I trust to watch and see

The way that all things tend.

We are but little grains of sand, all lost

In the great tumult of the onward roll

Of the vast universe, through fire and frost

Still rushing to its goal;

Yet somehow, somewhere greater things are wrought

Than million constellations can achieve,

Where one immortal soul conceives a thought

Which God ordains shall live.

For, though at times the tide is slow and slack,

And ebb and flow succeed in equal turns,—

The land upon the western shores yields back

What on the east it earns;

Empires decline, great cities fall away,
Others arise, forgetful of their fate ;
Religions and philosophies decay,
And leave a name—a date,—

Not all in vain (believe it) is the fight !
Courage, march onward, onward evermore !
Though dust and smoke obscure the doubtful light,
And loud the conflict roar,

Still shall the rapt soul see with straining eyes
God's angel in the front of the affray ;
And, through the night of battle, shall arise
The dawning of God's day.

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

HYMNS.

I. CHRISTMAS HYMN.

LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, the darkness around Thee
Shines with Thy splendour, and night is as day;
Not in the glory of Heaven we found Thee,—
Low in the manger the little Child lay.

Armies of angels, in triumph adoring,
Shake the white throne with the praises they
sing;
One trembling word from a sinner imploring
Melts into pity the heart of the King.

Not 'mid Thine angels, for fear Thou should'st
blind us,
But as Thou camest Thy lost ones to seek,
Come even now, gentle Shepherd, and find us,
Where we are wandering, all weary and weak.

Not with Thy lightnings the darkness dispelling,
Not in Thy wrath, from which nothing can hide
But, like Thy star, come, and stand o'er our
dwelling ;—
Light of the World, with Thy children abide.

Here amid turmoil and discord abiding,
The noise of our tumult ascends to Thee still ;
Soft as the dew-fall send down the glad tiding,
“Now and for evermore, peace and goodwill.”

Lord God Almighty, the darkness around Thee
Shines with Thy splendour, and night is as day ;
Happy are they who in seeking have found Thee,
Where in the manger the little Child lay.

II. EASTER HYMN.

ROLL back the stone ; for the Angel of God has
descended,—
Touched with his finger the tomb, where the
Saviour has lain.
Lo, He is risen, is risen ! The battle is ended :
Earth could not hold Him ; but, trembling, re-
stored Him again.

Roll back the stone: the Redeemer is risen, is risen!

Roll back the stone, that the world may behold
and believe.

Be of good cheer: He hath burst through the bars
of His prison,

Leading captivity captive, His crown to receive.

Roll back the stone! Let our hearts in the darkness
be riven;

He is not here where ye seek Him, but gone—
gone before.

Roll back the stone! We would follow His
flight into Heaven;

If we be risen, our eyes shall behold Him once
more.

III. HYMN OF THE ASCENSION.

(Without the gates.)

LIFT up your heads, ye golden gates;

Alleluia!

Lo, where the King of Glory waits:

Alleluia!

Open, ye everlasting doors,

He cometh to tread the jasper floors:

Alleluia!

(Within the gates.)

Who is this King of Glory? say:

Alleluia !

Why cometh He not with his array?

Alleluia !

Where are His captains in the fight?

Where is His army brave and bright?

Alleluia !

(Without the gates.)

His foes were many, and He but one:

Alleluia !

He had trodden the winepress all alone:

Alleluia !

Sin, and Death, and Sorrow, and Pain

Under the Victor's feet lie slain:

Alleluia !

(Within the gates.)

Who is this King of Glory, tell?

Alleluia !

This Conqueror over Death and Hell?

Alleluia !

To him who solely for self doth fight

These gates are guarded both day and night:

Alleluia !

(Without the gates.)

Open the gates ! yea, fling them wide :

Alleluia !

After Him surgeth a mighty tide :

Alleluia !

Like stars of the sky, like sand of the sea,
A host which never can numbered be :

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Amen !

IV. HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

THOU, who did'st move through formless night
Upon the water's face,
Oh, turn our darkness into light,
And form us by Thy grace.

Thou, who to holy men of old
Did'st grant the power to speak,
With fervent zeal endue the bold,
And strengthen all the weak.

Thou, who in flame and whirlwind dread,
Thy chosen did'st inspire,
Within our hearts, so cold and dead,
Kindle Thy sacred fire.

Thou, who, Thyself, did'st deign to wear
The likeness of a dove,
Descend from Heaven, and bid us share
Thy joy, Thy peace, Thy love.

V. HYMN OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

GLORY to God!—all the heavens are telling;
Glory to God!—in the earth and the sky;
Glory to God!—our loud anthems are swelling;—
Glory to God!

God, in Three Persons, Transcendent, Supernal;
God, the Most Mighty, Most Holy, Most High;
God, Uncreated, Creator Eternal;—
Glory to God!

God, the All-present, All-seeing, All-giving;
God, on whom all things for ever depend;
God, Ever-loving, and God, Ever-living;—
Glory to God!

God, the Great Father, Upholder, Defender;
God, the Dear Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend;
God, the Blest Spirit, the Patient, the Tender;—
Glory to God!

Kneeling before Thee, in meekness adoring,
Lowly we offer our prayers at Thy shrine ;
Rising, we bless Thee, our praises outpouring,—
Glory to God !

Thee we adore, in Thy Spirit's communion ;
Thee we approach in Thy Manhood Divine ;
Trembling we worship the Mystic Triunion ;—
Glory to God !

PSALMS.

PSALM XXV.

Recitative.

To Thee, O Lord, will I lift up my soul.
O Lord, my God, in Thee hath been my hope.

Show me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy paths.
Oh lead me forth, and learn me in Thy truth.

Tenor.

Remember, Lord, Thy tender love,
Thy kindnesses of old ;
Think not upon my youthful sins,
My failings manifold.
For I am desolate and sad,
My heart enlarged with woe ;

Forgive my sin, for it is great,
And rid me of my foe.
So shall my soul abide at ease,
My feet no longer stray ;
So shall I learn Thy truth, if Thou
Wilt teach me in Thy way.

PSALM XLII.

LIKE as the hart desires the brook,
So longs my soul for Thee ;—
When in Thy presence shall I stand ?
When wilt Thou comfort me ?

Why art thou so cast down, my soul ?
Why anxious, why distress ?
Oh, trust thou in the strength of God,
And in His favour rest !

PSALM XLIV.

Tenor.

OF Thy great deeds our fathers told,—
How, by Thy mighty hand,
The heathen were destroyed of old,
And perished from the land.

Still Thou art King. Through Thee the foe
We will bring down to shame;
We will not trust to sword or bow,
But triumph in Thy name.

Recitative—Bass.

But now Thou art afar; and we are left
Without our Leader in the midst of foes;
We turn our backs in war, of Thee bereft,
And they which hate us glory in our woes.

Thou lettest us be eaten up like sheep,
Which wolves devour upon the mountains lone;
Yea, we are sold for nought, and holden cheap—
A by-word, laughed to scorn of every one.

Ah, if we have forgotten Thy great name,—
If we have worshipped any other God,—
Search out our hearts, lay bare our secret shame,
And we will humbly bow beneath the rod.

Chorus.

Low in the dust our spirit lies,—
Oh help us for Thy mercy's sake!
Why hidest Thou Thy face? Arise!
Up, Lord, why sleepest Thou? Awake!

PSALM L.

THE Lord, the mighty God, shall speak, shall call
The whole wide world from the uprising sun,—
Yea, from the rising to the setting, all
Shall come to meet Him when He marcheth on.

Before Him a devouring fire shall go,—
With fire and in the tempest shall He come,
And call the heavens above, the earth below
When He appears to call His people home.

“Hear, O My people, I, thy God, will speak,—
Yea, against thee My people will I call;
I am thy God, O Israel, whom ye seek,—
Thy God, O people, and the Lord of all!

“Not for thy sacrifice will I upbraid,
In that ye did not yield Me what was Mine;
Not one he-goat an offering shall be made,
I will not take one bullock that is thine.

“The beasts that feed beside the shallow rills,
Yea, the wild beasts that to the woods repair,
The cattle feeding on a thousand hills,
The fowls that fly about the mountains bare,—

“All these are Mine. I call them, and they hear,
And shall thy God demand these things of thee?—
Call upon Me, ye children, when ye fear;
Offer and pay your heartfelt thanks to Me!”

But to the wicked, God shall say—“Behold,
Ye preach My laws, but ye do not obey;
By ye deceit and lies are ever told,
And ye do cast My holy words away;

“Ye speak against your brothers every one,
Yea, your own mother’s son ye would betray;
I will reprove thee for the evil done,
Lo, I will pluck thee swiftly from the way!

“Thus hast thou done, and I have held My tongue,
Thou thoughtest I was even such as thou;
Consider ye, for I have tarried long,
O ye, who have forgot, consider now!

“Whoso shall offer Me his thanks and praise,
He doth Me honour, he shall honoured be;
And he who rightly orders all his ways,
The grace and goodness of his God shall see.”

PSALM LV.

Recitative—Bass.

HIDE not Thy face, O God, but hear my prayer,—
Hear how I mourn. The wicked press me sore;
Yet not for that complain I. 'Twas no foe
That did me this dishonourable wrong,
For then I could have borne it; but 'twas thou,
Mine own familiar friend, with whom I held
Sweet counsel as together we were set
Unto the house of God. Thus was I grieved;
My heart was pained within me; and I said:

Air—Alto.

Had I the wings of a dove,
Not for a breath would I stay!
Oh, for the wings of a dove,
Then would I hasten away!
Then were I fain to escape,
Fleeing the tempest in haste;
Then would I get me afar,
Wandering away in the waste.
Oh, for the wings of a dove!

Quartet.

Oh, trust not thou in any child of man !
In *them* there is no help. Trust thou in God ;
Cast all thy care on Him, and rest in peace.

PSALM LVII.

Alto.

BE merciful, be merciful to me.

Chorus.

God shall send forth His mercy and His truth.

Trio.

With Thee shall be my refuge. Let me lie,—
Lie underneath the shadow of Thy wings
Until this tyranny be overpast.

Alto.

Be merciful, be merciful to me.

Chorus.

His truth and mercy reach unto the clouds.

Recitative—Bass.

Their teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue
Is as a sword. They have prepared a pit ;
Lo, they have fallen in the midst thereof!

Alto.

Lord, I will praise Thy name for evermore.

Chorus.

Set up Thyself, O God, above the clouds.

Alto.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed.
Awake, my glory, and awake, my harp,
And praise Thy God in face of the whole world!

Chorus.

Set up Thyself, O God, above the clouds.
Set up Thy glory above all the earth.
Thy truth and mercy reach unto the skies.

PSALM LXXVII.

Alto.

I CRIED unto the Lord with a sad voice,
Yea, in the time of trouble did I cry ;
My soul refused comfort in the night ;
My wakeful eyes from tears were never dry.

Will the Lord cast me off for evermore?
Will He no more be favourable to me?
Hath He forgotten all His tender care,
Who very gracious once was wont to be?

Bass.

And then I said, "O Lord, 'tis I forget!
But now I will remember Thee again;
I will recall what Thy right hand hath wrought:
This will I think on, and forget my pain.

Chorus.

Thy way, O God, is holy,
There is none like to Thee;
Thou hast declared Thy power,
Thy people are set free.

Thy voice was heard in thunder,
The lightning flashed and play'd,
The solid earth was shaken,
The waters were afraid.

Thy way is on the ocean,—
There is none like to Thee,—
Thy footsteps leave no traces
Upon the shifting sea.

Thy way is on the waters,
Thy path is on the deep ;
Yet call us, and we follow,
Great Shepherd of the sheep.

PSALM XCIII.

Duet.

THE Lord is King ; and for His royal robe
In everlasting glory is arrayed.
He hath set up His order on the globe :
His throne was 'stablished ere the world was made.

Chorus.

Alleluia, for the Lord is King !

Duet.

The storm hath broken, and the tempest raves,—
The floods have risen, O Lord, they rage and call ;
The ocean lifteth up his haughty waves ;
But yet the Lord is mightier than them all.

Chorus.

Alleluia, for the Lord is King !

PSALM XCVII.

Recitative.

THE Lord is King. Let the round world be glad ;
Let all the islands in their seas rejoice ;
Clouds and thick darkness hover o'er His throne,
But righteousness and judgment sit thereon.
A fire goes out before Him to destroy
His enemies. His lightnings shine around.
The firm lands tremble, and the mountains melt
In presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

Bass.

The heavens His righteousness declare ;
The idols shake and fall ;
They, who do worship them, despair,
And God is Lord of all.

Alto.

Oh, ye who love the Lord your God,
See that ye hate the wrong ;
So shall your loyal hearts be filled
With glad and peaceful song.

Oh, ye who love the Lord your God,
See that ye love the right;
So through the darkness of your lives
Shall spring a glorious light.

Chorus.

The Lord is King. Let the round world be glad.

PSALM CVII. 23.

THEY that in ships go down into the deep
Behold God's wonders as their watch they keep;
For at His word the stormy winds arise,
The lifting surges threaten toward the skies;—
Now on some tow'ring wave to heaven they soar,
Now o'er their heads they hear the breakers roar;
Their souls are melted with great fear and woe,
Like drunken men they stagger to and fro;
But when in trouble unto God they pray,
He turns again, and takes their fear away.
The waves are hushed, the breezes softly cease,
The weary are at rest, and all is peace!
Their hearts are glad when all their toils are o'er,
And so He leads them to the wished-for shore.
Oh, that all men the Lord would therefore praise,
Declare His wonders, and observe His ways!

PSALM CXIII.

Tenor.

OH, praise the Lord, ye servants ; praise
The name of God, Most High,
From earliest light till when the sun
Flames in the western sky.
High above all the heathen gods
Resounds the praise of Him ;
And in the glory of the Lord
The stars of heaven are dim.

Chorus.

Oh, praise the Lord !

Tenor.

Who is there like unto the Lord,
Whose dwelling is so high ?
Yet humbleth He Himself to see
All things beneath the sky.
The simple from the dust He takes,
The poor from out the mire ;

And to the barren woman, lo !
He gives her heart's desire.

Chorus.

Oh, praise the Lord !

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN our captivity was turned again,
Like the new flooding of a stony stream,
Then were our overflowing hearts full fain ;
Then were we like to them that dream,—that
dream !

Then was our mouth with happy laughter fill'd ;
Then did our song break forth in joyful voice :
Behold what things our gracious Lord hath will'd,
Whereof we do rejoice,—we do rejoice !

He who, now weeping, scatters seed on earth,
Yet in his soul full steadfastly believes,
Shall doubtless come again with shouts of mirth,
Bringing his sheaves,—bringing his golden sheaves !

PSALM CXLVIII.

Oh, praise the Lord of Heaven,—
Oh, praise him in the height !
Oh, praise him, all ye angels !
Oh, praise him, stars and light !

Sun, moon, and depths of ocean,
Created by His word,
Oh, praise His Name for ever,
The everlasting Lord.

O fire, and hail, and tempest ;
Ye mountains, and ye hills ;
Ye fruitful trees, and cedars ;
Ye rivers, and ye rills ;

Kings of the earth, and judges,
Brave youths and maidens fair,
Old men, and little children,
His mighty Name declare !

His Name alone is Holy,
His Praise all Heaven above ;
Oh, praise Him, all ye people,
Who fear Him, and who love !

POEMS

PUBLISHED 1889.

A DAY IN SPRING.

BREEZE of the Spring—delicious air—
Spirit whose breath makes all things fair ;
To Thee the flowers their incense swing,
To Thee the birds their praises sing !

To Thee they pour, so fresh and strong,
The random snatches of their song ;
The brook an endless task has found,
Linking their notes with murmurous sound.

O glorious oak in golden blaze !
O elm tree in an emerald haze !
O blinding light of myriad flowers !
O grass so cool, so sweet with showers !

So bright, so sweet, so strange ye seem,
I fear lest all should prove a dream;
So fair this earth of ours to-day,
I tremble lest it pass away.

Why is such music every year
Poured into ears that will not hear?—
Such beauty every Spring set free,
Lavished on eyes that will not see?

Unheard, unseen, yet felt divine,
All that we hear or see is Thine;
To Thee our frozen hearts we bring,
Turn Thou their Winter into Spring.

THE FISHERMAN'S REST.

I.

A HARD lot has the fisherman, both day and night
to toil,
When skies are dull and dreary, and waters seethe
and boil;
When fish are scarce, and buyers few, and wife
and child at home,
And danger on the sandy bar, and death within
the foam.

'Tis weary work when winds are still, or when they
wildly rave;
Nor in the deep can any sleep as in a quiet grave.
'Tis oh, to reach some distant shore, and there at
peace to be,
Where the never-dying breezes murmur softly from
the sea.

II.

A sad life has the fisherwife, from morn to eve to
wait;
To watch the distant ocean line from early until
late.
'Tis hard to starve, and hard to hear the baby's
wailing cry,
While breakers roar along the shore, and storms are
loud and high.
'Tis fearful mid the flying foam and through the
blinding rain
To gaze, and fear the day is near, when watching
will be vain.
'Tis oh, to reach some distant shore, and there at
peace to be,
Where the never-dying breezes murmur softly from
the sea.

III.

There night and day the breezes play, and all the
waters lie
One breadth of rest from east to west, 'neath God's
own tranquil eye.
There at His word the nets are thrown (there is
no night-long toil),
And all the vessels well-nigh sink with heaps of
glittering spoil.
There wife and child in plenty dwell, fed by His
tender hand ;
And o'er the tide good angels guide the vessels to
the land.
'Tis oh, to reach that sacred shore in peace for aye
to be,
Where the never-dying breezes murmur softly from
the sea.

DREAMS.

I.

DREAM of the Poet ! A land where Beauty and
Love ever reign
Gently o'er loving vassals,—no strife, no hunger, no
pain ;

Where the warriors are ever so noble, the women
 ever so fair,
And the children are always children, with never a
 shadow of care ;
Where the aged are sweet as the children, and,
 or ever their labours are past,
Fade away like the glory of sunset, the loveliest
 flushing the last ;
Where the lion, and leopard, and wolf, with the
 fawn and the antelope play ;
Where the butterfly flits o'er the flow'rs, but the
 grub never injures the spray ;
Where the fruit falls ripe mid the blossoms, with
 never a bruise or a speck,—
Endless profusion and plenty ; perpetual growth
 without check ;—
Where the rose has no thorn, and the nettle no
 sting ; and the beautiful snake
Uncoils its venomless folds to the rabbit that plays
 in the brake ;
Where the body rejoices in health, and the mind
 and the spirit are free ;—
This is the dream of the Poet ! Oh, would that
 such things might be !

II.

Dream of the Seer! A land ever governed by
Order and Law;
Guided by reason the people, unbiased, and sound,
without flaw;
Willing the thing that is wisest, and doing the
thing that is right;
Seeking the good of each other, no malice, nor
envy, nor spite,
Violence, wrong, nor oppression; but each man at
work for the rest;
Seeing the possible clearly, and finding the absolute
best;
Growing in wisdom and knowledge; increasing in
virtue and grace,
Step after step; till, at length, they attain to the
ultimate race,
Having dominion o'er all things, and swaying all
things to their will;—
This is the dream of the Seer!—Ah me, and he
dreams of it still!

III.

Dream of the Weary! A land of ineffable calmness
profound;—

Winds only whisper, and waters can scarcely murmur a sound ;
Clouds hardly move o'er the heavens ; and smoothly the rivulets run ;
And ocean is quiet, except where it quivers in light of the sun ;
Labourers toil not in reaping, and mariners ply not the oar,
And the call of the warlike drum, and the trumpet are heard no more ;
Noise and confusion are silenced, and striving and envying cease ;
Tears never fall from the eyelids ; and at last—at last, there is peace ;
Sorrow and sighing are over, and sleep cometh down as the dew ;—
This is the dream of the Weary ! Ah, when will the dream be true ?

IV.

Doing is better than dreaming ;—look not behind nor before !
Do : and, when doing is ended, thy dreams shall be dreams no more.

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

I.

THOUGH I cannot answer why,
Yet my heart is weary ;
Cloudless is the happy sky,
But my days are dreary.
Not the shadow of a sorrow
Falleth anywhere ;—
Welcome, thou unknown to-morrow,
Whether joy or care !

Happy as the day is long,
Hark, the sweet birds singing !
Ceaseless is the fount of song
In their hearts upspringing.
Life to them is never dreary,
Piping 'neath the tranquil sky ;
But my heart, my heart is weary,
And I know not why.

II.

If Love were in his actions free,
Oh then, my love, I'd stay with thee ;
But Love, once caught in chains, they say,
Can never, never fly away.

If I might think that Love can see,
'Twere bliss for aye to gaze on thee;
But, love, you know that Love is blind,
Or sees what he may never find.

If it were true that Love is wise,
I'd learn his wisdom from your eyes;
But there's a saying, old and true,
That Love is fond when eyes are blue.

If Love could live on love alone,
Then might I claim thee for mine own;
But some affinity in things
Makes Love and Riches both have wings.

If Love for evermore would stay,
Then at thy feet myself I'd lay;
But Love is apt to change, and then
Hearts broken never piece again.

III.

Lady, if my idle lays
Call thee fair or witty,
Thou wilt scorn the empty praise,—
Theme of every ditty.

This alone shall be my song,—
This alone may move thee;—
Day or night, in dark or light,
I only live to love thee.

Should I swear to win renown,
Future fame foretelling;
Thou would'st answer with a frown,—
“Love is not for selling.”
This alone shall be my song,—
This alone may move thee;—
Day or night, in dark or light,
I only live to love thee.

Should'st thou then reject my prayer,—
All my hopes dissever;
I should languish in despair,
But forget thee never;
Left alone, should fade and pale,
Like yon moon above thee,
Hiding light in clouds of night,
Lost, because I love thee.

IV.

The lover is wandering down by the stream,—
Wearily, O so wearily!—

Hopes and fears make a tedious dream,—

Drearily, O so drearily!—

“What will she say, if she come to me,

Yea, or nay, 'neath the Trysting Tree?”

The maiden is loitering down the dull lane,—

Wearily, O so wearily!—

“For, oh, if he comes not, hasting is vain,”—

Drearily, O so drearily!—

“Yet I would not be late, for fear he should be

Waiting alone 'neath the Trysting Tree.”

They have met, while the birds in the branches
sing,—

Merrily, O so merrily!—

They have met; in each others' arms they cling,—

Cheerily, O so cheerily!—

Oh, Life and Love, how sweet ye can be,

When true lovers meet 'neath the Trysting Tree!

v.

Lo, by thy circle attended,

Pass onward, O Queen of the Night!

Thousands will worship thy splendour,

Dazzling the sight.

Fair little star of the gloaming,
Timidly shining apart,—
Come let me hold thee, and fold thee
Unto my heart!

VI.

What time I went to meet my love,
Her gentle heart to gain,
The skies were dark with storm above,
And fringed with streaks of rain;
The roaring wood was tossed about,
As 'twere an angry main.

The stream was black with coming storms;
The distance coldly blue;
The hills half hid their scowling forms,
And sulkily withdrew;—
Sweet Nature frowned with jealous brow,
Deeming I was not true.

I met the maid I went to seek,
We wandered down the dell;
I guessed the words she could not speak,
From eyes that spoke full well.
I held her to my heart—ah me,
What need the tale to tell!

Then turned I back. The wood and wold
Were steeped in crimson dye;
In fold on fold the landscape rolled
Warm purple to the sky;
The wet leaves twinkled in the trees
With trembling ecstasy.

The silver stream was turned about,
And glittered round the reeds,
While many a trout dipped in and out,
And flashed between the weeds;
And Nature's face glowed as a man's
When doing noble deeds.

Behold all things are dear to me,—
The earth is fairer grown;
I needs must love all things that be,
In loving thee alone;
For all the world is summed in thee,
And thou art all mine own.

VII.

Alas, what a tyrant Love must be!
He neither will hold, nor set me free.
Often I struggle to fly in vain;
Often I lie and hug my chain.

Backwards and forwards sways my mind,
Like a reed that is rocked by the idle wind.

Often I feel that I love thee ;
Sometimes I doubt if thou lov'st me.
Often I think thou lov'st me well ;
But, which is the truth, love, none can tell.
Backwards and forwards sways my mind,
Like a reed that is rocked by the idle wind.

Thou art so gentle, pure, and fair,
That, breathe in thy presence, I scarcely dare.
Ah, but I feel, when my lips touch thine,
Thy love is as nothing matched with mine.
O reed, blown about by the idle wind,
When shalt thou rest and comfort find.

VIII.

When the roses bloom,
Lay them where I'm sleeping ;
Throw them on my tomb,
Sorrowing and weeping.
In their fragrance they shall be
Emblems of my love for thee.

When the roses fade,
Leave them there to perish.

All is mortal made,
E'en what most we cherish.
In their fading they shall be
Emblems of thy love for me.

When the roses die,
Let them rot forsaken.
What is dead shall lie
Never more to waken;
Yet, remember, love shall last
When this life is overpast.

IX.

The world is false as it is fair,
Ah, wherefore then believe it?
And why should men so full of care
Be ever loath to leave it?
Oh, let my coffin be of lead,
Pile high the mould above me;
And let them never know I'm dead,
If there be any love me.

X.

The frost that has lasted for many a day,
And the ice that nightly freezes,

Are thawing and vanishing swiftly away
In the warmth of the western breezes ;
And I love to look on the melting snow,
Down-pouring from roof and rafter,
For the streams that flow are a sign I know
Of the sunshine that comes after.

The gloom that has lasted for many a day,
And the grief which the chill-blood freezes,
Will soften when Hope on the heart shall play,
Like the warmth of the western breezes ;
And the streams that flow are a sign I know
Of the sunshine that comes after ;
For the dull heart clears with a shower of tears,
And breaks into song and laughter.

XI.

Sweetly, sweetly over the sea
The moon is shining clear ;
And oh, how happy I could be,
If my true love were here ;
For then my heart would dance for glee,
Like the tide in the silver ray ;
But now I could lay me down in the sea,
For the waves to wash me away.

XII.

Under the porch!—

Gleamed her white dress in shade

Through the half-opened door;

Then came her little face

Nearer my own,

Under the porch.

Under the trees!—

Shadow and sunlight played

Over the grassy floor,

Over the rosy face,

Close to my own,

Under the trees.

Under the stars!—

Oh the wild love we made!

Oh the fond vows we swore!

Oh the pale tender face!—

My own, my own!

Under the stars!

XIII.

Sweet she was and gentle,

Fair as fair could be;

Sang the village maidens,—

“Lily fair is she!”

Came a change upon her,
Wonderful to see;
All the young men whispered,—
“Lo, a rose is she!”
Shout aloud her praises!—
There’s but one who knows,
How my little lily
Changed into a rose.

XIV.

When the wind is in the west,
The lark above his nest
Sings a roundelay of joy to his little love at rest;
And higher, higher springing,
He sets the heavens ringing,
With the thrilling of his singing,
When the wind is in the west.
When the wind is in the west,
I love my lassie best;
For then she comes and lays her little head
upon my breast;
While stars in heaven are thronging,
And the nightingale prolonging
His lay of love and longing,
When the wind is in the west.

XV.

O little streamlet
 Flashing along,
Merrily dancing,
 And singing a song ;
Bright and refreshing,
 Limpid and sweet ;
Fearlessly rushing
 The river to meet :—
 As bright, and as brave,
 As pure, and as free,
 So may our lives, love,
 Flow down to the sea.

O stately river
 Moving along,
Calm, yet resistless,
 Placid, yet strong ;
Grandly majestic
 Thy mighty tides sweep,
Bearing great navies
 Away to the deep :—
 As strong, and as calm,
 As grand, and as free,
 So may our lives, love,
 Flow down to the sea.

LOVE STANZAS.

I.

How shall my verse a fitting image find
Thy faultless beauty fairly to disclose,
Whose every look, whose every motion shows
A lovely form and mind?

Oh, nought on earth will I compare with thee,
No rose, or bluebell, mocking summer skies;
By some celestial flow'r, which angel eyes
Untired for ever see.

Where Nature hath essayed her utmost skill,
Words but obscure the charms they would portray;
We gaze in silence, feeling what we may,
But, worshipping, are still.

II.

I liken my own heart unto a lake,
Which owns no image but thy perfect form,
Alike in glorious sunshine or in storm,
Or when the rain clouds break.

The deepest pool is darkest; and my love
 Grows, deepening every day that I do live,
 And darkening, for that death must one day give
 Thee to the blest above.

Ah stay, and make me blest until I die.
 In Heaven, love, all are pure,—then haste not
 .there!

Sweet angels, do not murmur at my prayer,
 Nor beckon toward the sky.

Oh, to be linked like two-fold stars of night,
 To cling together closely, as we move
 Revolving round one common centre, Love,
 And blending light in light,

'Scaping the heart-break of a last embrace,
 And, slowly setting at the western goal,
 Still linked together, seeking, as one soul,
 The realms of cloudless space!

III.

After long trouble, peace at length I find.
 Again I look into those deep blue eyes,
 Two pools, reed-fringed, reflecting summer skies,
 Unruffled by the wind.

Again I hold the hand I love the best.

 Weary with tossing on the waves of life,
 At length I reach, in safety from the strife,
The haven of my rest ;

E'en as a ship, that all the stormy day
 Has laboured with the fierceness of the gale,
 At eve securely furls the fluttering sail,
Moored in the quiet bay.

Then let the noisy world roar as it will ;
 Thou art encompassed by eternal peace.
 In this calm bay the breezes fall and cease,
And all the waves are still.

IV.

I dreamt of thee as dead. A chill grey cloud
 Was drifting o'er the town. The windy street
 Was black with cold. A bitter driving sleet
Beat on my face. A crowd

Of men and women, with a vacant stare
 On stony faces, passed in mourning dressed.
 The bells were tolling ; and the people pressed
On to the house of prayer.

Methought the nation mourned the nation's Head.

Men whispered each to each. All work had end.

And all the blinds were drawn, as though a friend
In every house lay dead.

I wandered far into the fields alone.

The birds remembered not their happier notes ;

But doleful dirges trembled from their throats.

I heard the doves make moan.

A mournful rushing of the river waves,—

A weary moaning of the barren wood,—

I wandered to a village church, and stood
Amid a crowd of graves.

Two men, who turned the sod and heaved the soil,

I watched, as one who feels not what he sees ;

Then idly asked, who there should sleep in peace,
Resting from grief and toil.

And one, I thought, looked up and slowly spoke ;

But, when he shaped his lips to speak the name

I hold more dear to me than life or fame,

I cried aloud, and woke.

Oh, joy to hold again in mine thy hand,—

To find the dream so sweet, so dear a lie !—

I seem as one who lays him down to die

In sight of his own land ;

Who, weak with wounds, and feeble as he is,
 Raised on the deck, one moment feasts his eyes
 On England's happy shore, then sinking dies,
Borne down with too much bliss.

SPRING.

'Tis a morning sweet and fair,
Delicate perfume in the air
Is softly wafted everywhere;
While the cool south-western breeze
Woos their beauty from the trees,
Breathes new lustre as it passes
O'er the gently bending grasses;
While the woods are ringing
With the small birds singing,
Hidden in the boughs above,
Each one warbling to its love.
"I woo, I woo," sighs the tender dove
 From the depths of his ivied tree;
"Be true, be true," sings his patient love,
 "And I will be true to thee."
"Sweet, sweet," is the chaffinch tale;
And "love, love, love," sings the nightingale.

Then free and strong
Is the blackbird's song ;
And the thrush that sings from the tallest tree
Falls in love with his own sweet melody,
And joyfully thrilling, and sweetly clear,
The song of the lark rings into my ear ;
For he springs to the skies with joy elate,
And he hovers to earth to seek his mate,
Singing in a madness
Of ecstasy and gladness,
Till his song is over,
Drowned amid the clover.

Now the meads are bright with flowers,
Glittering with new-fallen showers.

In a thousand brilliant hues
Woods and fields appearing,
Young lambs bleating for their ewes,
Careful shepherds shearing,
Lowing herds fresh pastures seeking,
Everything of plenty speaking ;
Orchards into blossom breaking,
Land and sea to joy awaking ;
Vistas of the dappled glades,
Quiet nooks and cooling shades ;

Murmurs of the streamlet's flow,
Where the whispering rushes grow.
Fragrant odours fill the air.

Heavy-laden bees,
Humming, soothe the listening ear
Round the lilac trees.

Hope and Joy, a wedded pair,
Shed an influence everywhere;—
Hope, the husband, brave to bear,
Joy, the wife, serene to cheer;
Hope to sow, and Joy to reap;
Hope to gain, and Joy to keep;
Hope to plan, contrive, achieve,
Joy to welcome and receive;
Reigning both in splendour royal
Over subjects lief and loyal.

FRAGMENT I.

To take down dusty books, to turn and turn,
And travel over desert tracts of law;
To pore on crabbed cases, not to learn,
But in another's words to find a flaw.

The vapid talk of this affair or that,
The "chaff," still smelling of the musty "shop,"
The weary sameness of the dinner chat,
The dreary nonsense of the crowded "hop";—
Oh, for the breeze,—the breeze so cold and keen,
That meets us on the summit of the hill;
When, suddenly, the snowy Alps are seen,
And, far below, the landscape fair and still!

FRAGMENT II.

THE mountains stretch their heads into the skies,
The cataracts tumble headlong to the vale;
So some men fall, and some men seem to rise,
And the high heavens to scale.

But half way up the mountain lies a plain
Of greenest verdure, spread with sweet harebells;
There comes the happy sunshine and the rain,
And there the peasant dwells.

There would I dwell, and neither rise nor fall,
But take the changing season as I may,
Contented with the common lot of all
Through life's so little day.

ABEL ANDREWS.

OLD Abel Andrews, sitting in the sun
Outside the Haycock Inn, I saw, and turned
To greet him. Hale and honest, double-chinned,
Red-faced, and open-hearted, stout and true,
A jovial burly nature, mixed with gleams
Of tender kindness, rough in the rind,
Yet soft and sweet within, old Andrews lived
A quiet life as landlord of the Inn.
I sat me down beside him on the bench,
And, then and there to bind me to his heart,
I asked him for a draught of the good ale,
The famous home-brew, smacking of the malt.

Then he, a vexed look puckering all his face,
As when a grey breeze dims the shining stream,
Made answer mournfully to my request:—
“’Tis not so fine this year, sir, not so bright
As I could wish; for last October, sir,
I could not mind the brewing as I used,

And so the ale was spoilt by other folk.
You mind young Annie Clayton of the farm
Up yonder on the hill, among the elms,
She died, sir, last October." There he paused.
And I, "Indeed, I had not heard,—how came't?"
"Well, well, the tale is sad enough!" he said,
"Some folks will say hard things; but I say, No!
Mayhap her foot slipped as she crossed the bridge.
The night was wild and dark, and she, may be,
Was dazed with grief, and knew not where she went,
Or what she did. Na'theless she wrote a word
Of farewell to her friends, her love to me,
And hoped we would not judge too hardly of her,
And neither will I, as I hope for grace.
Poor child! And all for such a worthless hound
As Harry Warner, whom the Lord forgive."

Then, while he paused to gather up his thoughts,
I well remembered how I met the maid
By chance one morning, as she loitered down
The pathway from the farm house to the Inn;
Singing the while, e'en as the brook that runs
And babbles as it goes; until we met
Just by the little pathway gate, and there
We stopped, and doubted which should be the first
To pass the stile. But I held back, and she,

A modest blush made roses of her cheeks,
Slid past me, as I stood and turned the gate,
And watched her tripping on her way, and heard
Her song renewed, as when the breeze has hushed
The murmuring stream, then dies, and leaves the
sound

Still living. "Yes," I said, half musingly,
"Yes, I remember her quite well,—but who
This Harry Warner, Abel, who was he?"

"Oh, he," he said, "he was a farmer's son.
Old Warner holds a farm some four miles hence—
He's well to do, and gave his only son
A deal of learning; kept him long at school;
And, some three years are gone, sent him away
To London, as an agent, as I think
They call it; for the squire took the lad
And pushed him forward; though I doubted then
No good would come of it. And, every time
Young Harry came to see us from the town,
I thought a change had come; and, sir, my wife,
She thought she saw a change; for there would come
At times an ugly look upon his face,
That never passes o'er an open brow.
And all the while, sir, he was off and on
With our own Annie, whom he should have wed

The summer after he first went to town.
Yet, e'er he went, in all the country round
Were none more loving. She would say to me,
How good and kind he was; but that she feared
She was not good enough for one so wise.
'And, oh, when he is cross, at times,' she said,
'I feel as though 'twould kill me, and I look
So frightened. Then he laughs, and says that I
Have too fine feelings for so rough a world;
And then the warm blood rushes to my face,
And I am happy.' Even then I thought
All was not well, and yet I hoped for best.
Poor child, the life he led her with his airs;
And tried to teach her to be fine, and mince
Her words, and dress herself like finer folk,
And hold herself aloof, and not to come
To me, or talk with any villagers.
And so she tried, and could not—could not be
Aught but the wild flower God had meant her for.
He, fool, refused to take her as she was,
But could not make her worthless as himself,
And so at last he left her.

“Then she came
To me; and, bursting into bitter tears,
She threw herself upon the floor, and writhed

Like some poor wounded thing, caught in a trap ;
And sobbed and cried, 'O Abel, he is gone,
Gone,—gone for ever ! Oh that he would come
Again to see me, never leave me more !
Oh, I would love him, slave for him, and do
All that I could to please him, whom I love
More than my life, oh, more than all the world !
Alas, I am not worthy of his love.
Go to him, Abel, bring him back to me.
O God, to think I shall not see him more ;
And shall not feel his strong arm round me drawn,
Nor speak to him, nor hear him speak to me,
Or look into his face, or press his hand,—
Alas, there's nothing left for me but death !'

"Oh, sir, 'twas fearful to behold such grief
In one so dear to me, and I was dazed.
I strove to cheer her, but I knew not how,
And only brought fresh tears. Then I besought
That she would let my wife go home with her
To comfort her ; for women in such things
Are better skilled than men. And so they went
Together to the farm. But, when the night
Drew near, my wife returned, and left her calm,
Though wretched in her utter loneliness.
For, sir, her mother died when she was young,

And Master Clayton is a hard, dry man,
Unfit to take a mother's place, and seemed
To care but little for his child. Poor man,
He's broken-hearted at the loss of her.

“But in the dead of night, when all men slept,
And all was dark and still, a sudden scream,
Another, and another, broke our rest.
And out we went, and half the village came
With torch and lantern hurrying to the bridge.
There, where the noisy waters all are hushed
In the deep shadow of a silent pool,
We spied a white dress, gleaming in the dark :
Then one plunged in the water, drew her out,
But dead, sir, she was dead, and spoke no word !”

So spoke he, while the tears were gathering fast ;
And I, much moved at what I heard, arose,
Nor put him then in mind about the ale,
But wished “Good-bye” to the kind soul, and went
Down by the river to the fatal bridge,
And saw the sunshine, wandering through the trees,
Dapple with showery light the deadly pool.

MEMORIES.

THIS scene, as you may guess, is known to me
Full well. I know each court, each stair, each
room ;

I seem to know each leaf upon the limes
Skirting the garden. Yet, I know not why,
There seems to be a change, though none is there.
The gardener keeps the squares of grass as green
As in old times ; still weeds the stony walks ;
Nor have the builder's sacrilegious hands,
Nor Time's more subtle fingers, dared to move
One stone of all the pile. Yet something strange
Hangs over all. As sometimes in a dream
We seem to move 'mid well-remembered scenes,
Yet feel a touch of strangeness in them all ;
So seems it to me now. Something is lost,
Or something added. Memories of the past—
Past joys, lost friends, and unfulfilled desires—
Flit ghost-like, wheresoe'er I turn mine eyes,
And peer behind each buttress, stair, and door.

Poor Frank ! e'en now I sometimes think of him
As the light-hearted lad whom once I knew.
Yonder his rooms—something too near the roof,

But cheerful therefore. Thence you looked away,
Far o'er the College chapel, to the tops
Of lush-green lime trees, and the noble elms
Beyond the river. There full many a time
The wine well-iced, encircled in a cloud
Of fragrance filling all the room, we sat
And sang gay songs; and, in those days, he sang
Right heartily, as when the lark pours forth
A flood of song, while the May morning breaks
Clear blue from east to west. Upon his head
Curled the light chestnut hair, and in his eyes
Twinkled the merry sunshine of his heart,
The while his voice (I think I hear him now)
Led the loud chorus, as the noisy brook
Runs, flecked with sunshine.

One who knew him well
In after years, in other lands and scenes,
Says he grew sadly changed from him we knew—
So sadly, none might know him for the same;
For there had come a canker in the bud,
And, though a man may pluck the worm away,
The flower has lost its grace for evermore.

One long vacation, after work was done,
I went to see him at the Rectory.

The Rector was a man of kindly heart
And simple manners, and the loving wife
Had grown into his perfect counterpart.
An only sister, too, was there, a girl
Of sixteen years, and lovely as a rose ;
Like Frank, with chestnut hair, or golden, was it ?
And fair blue eyes, more tender, but less gay.
There, while I wandered idly with these four,
Marking their simple life and kindly ways,
I felt as though I moved in fairy land ;
Nor did I dream such things might have an end,
So far removed they seemed from sin and change.

A friend of Frank, Charles Marston, lived with
him

In London lodgings. He before had been
His friend at college ; and it chanced they read
In the same chambers—rather did not read,
But led a random life—a skittish pair,
That would not take the collar—reared and kicked
Over the legal traces—took the bit
Tight in their teeth, and shook the loosened rein
Of this world's moral code upon their backs
Gaily. And for a time they prospered, till
The pace grew fast and furious. Then the sin
That needs must meet the light—an empty purse—

Stopped them in mid career. And then the
thought—

The hateful thought of what the world would say—
Weighed on them. Many a time, with cheerless
looks,

The two would plan to avert the coming blow,
And every scheme begat a new despair.

Then Frank bethought him of his sister's share,
Left to her by her father, who, good man,
Had past away from trouble; and Frank thought,
Perchance young Marston might secure her love,
Obtain the money, and so meet the debts
Without disclosure. Then he told his plan.
But Charles, he liked it, yet he liked it not.
It pleased his vanity, that Frank should treat
Success in wooing as a thing of course.
Nor did he doubt of victory; but yet
A year or two of reckless idleness,
Pressure of debt, and loss of self-respect,
Though they had dulled his sensibility,
Had not completely deadened every sense
Of honour; and this scheme of Frank's, he felt,
Was base and heartless. And he said to him,
"This is your scheme, not mine; 'tis your affair.
Yet if you must, I'll try to play my part,

And see what comes; and, if it turn out well,
Then will I pay the debts; and, as you say,
'Twould save exposure: for myself, indeed,
I care not what may happen. Over seas
A man may take a shovel in his hand,
Nor dread the sneering of his fellow-men."

"Ah, yes!" said Frank, "we spoke of that before,
But then, God help us, think of the disgrace,
E'en if it could be done, which much I doubt.
Let things slide on; who knows what turn may
come?"

Yet, if you should be married, there would be
An end of trouble; and, you know, some day
You must be rich enough to pay all back
A dozen times; so that no harm will come."

"That may be true," said Charles; "and yet, who
knows?"

My father may live yet for many a year;
And, for I know him well, if he should guess
The plight I'm in, might he not cut me off,
And let me live a pauper? Something still
May happen that may help us." So they ceased.

In the same village where, in word and act,
The good old Rector taught the road to heaven,
Still dwelt his wife and daughter, held in love
Of all the people. Thither from the town

Would Frank escape to breathe the freer air
Blown o'er the distant hills. Thither came Charles,
A frequent guest and welcome. Him would Frank
Extol as one he loved, and valued much,
And worthy of all praise—half truth, half lie.

So in sweet summer evenings, when the light
Lingered among the vapours in the west,
All down the quiet fields and shadowy lanes,
Or by the stately river, silently
Rippling the image of the grey old church,
And dimpling into eddies between banks
Of rushes, meadow-sweet, and willow-weed,
Young Marston walked with Mary, breathing love ;—
Yea, love ! for so it was that in his heart
Still lived beneath the dust of years the root
Of pure emotions ; and the gentle grace
Of her he walked with, like a summer shower,
With gradual influence softened all his heart,
And drew the flower of true love into bloom.

But Frank, now that his plans were ripening fast,
Who planned and lied, urged by an abject fear
Of being made a target for the scorn
Of all the world, was shaken with remorse,
And he could scarce endure to see them meet,

To guess the mutual pressure of the hands,
To hear soft whispers, and to mark the sweet
Swift interchange of signals to and fro.
So by degrees, as days went by, the friends
Grew colder, each mistrusting each; and Frank
Thought, "He will play me false, yet keep the prize;
But shall not—by my life he shall not win!"
And Marston thought, "How base am I, and yet
I doubt this brother baser, who would sell
His sister, as a bale of merchandise—
Yea, and so sweet a sister as my love!"
Till at the last they quarrelled, hot and flushed
With shame and anger, in the dark they stood
Upon the cottage lawn, one silent night
In summer; and there Charles declared his love:
"And God be judge betwixt us two," he cried,
"For I repent all follies, and all vows,
Which never should have been, and I have sworn
To live henceforth as one worthy of her,
Whom I do love more dearly than my life."
Then Frank laughed scornfully, and answered him:—
"Love!—Do you think indeed I am so dull
As not to know your meaning in that word?
Love her! Aye, as you've loved this twenty times,
And may for twenty more. But I have changed
My purpose; for, although I've sunk so low,

I'll sink no lower. She shall know the truth.
Love *her*! You love her not. It is the gold."
Then Marston fiercely gave the lie to Frank;
And he, the hot blood rushing to the brain
And drowning reason, struck him on the face,
And blow for blow.

Then on a sudden flashed
Behind the laurel by the cottage porch
A belt of light which streamed across the lawn;
And Mary stood by the half opened door,
And called to them: "Come, come, you're waited
for,
Frank, Charles, come, come"; and clapped her
hands and called.

Strangely upon their stormy hearts the voice
Fell with a magic power, and stilled the strife.
Slowly they entered, and in silence sat,
While the good mother read the "sacred page,"
With sweet unruffled face; and the lamp gleamed
Upon the silvery hair, and on the golden curls
Of Mary; but her face was sad and vexed.
For Mary knew all was not well, and saw
The red spot burning upon Marston's cheek,
And guessed not what had chanced, or what to do
For best; and when she strove to say "Good-
night,"

Her voice seemed strange to her, and silence fell.
And early all arose, and left the room.

There are to whom prayer is an agony,—
The grovelling of a slave before his lord,
Ere the lash tear him. Such but seldom pray;
And, when they pray, a tempest stirs their hearts,
The dead leaves rustling whirl before the blast,
And leave the soul a wreck. No blessing comes,
Only a faint and far off glimmering hope
Of brighter days hereafter. Others are
To whom a constant attitude of prayer
Becomes habitual,—every thought and act
Eternal adoration;—'tis the air
They live and breathe in, and they move or rest
In the perpetual sunshine of God's love.

But Frank upon his pillow writhed and moaned
Till the grey morning, with a chill blank face,
Stared at the window. Then in haste he rose,
And wrote a letter—full of sharp remorse
And self-accusal, and forgiveness prayed—
To Marston. Then he clad himself, and stole
Noiselessly through the house, pausing long time,
And listening, doubting, at his mother's door,
And at his sister's. Then he broke away;

And fled, as flies the traveller o'er the heath
From fancied spectres of the midnight gloom,
Away, away ! . . .

Eight years had passed. One weary summer day,
While Frank was lying, propt upon his bed,
Sick of a fever, very weak and faint,
This letter came from Mary :—"Dearest Frank,
Great is our joy at hearing you are safe ;
And though we sorrowed, deeming you were dead,
Our love for you has never drooped nor failed.
But he who tells us of your safety says
Your health is failing, filling us with fear.
But now we hope you will not vex your mind,
But be your former self. You need not grieve ;
For we indeed are so completely blessed,
That if in us there lurked a shade of doubt
To mar our full forgiveness, and our love
Of you, dear brother, we were base indeed.
And think not that I do not know the cause
Of all the evil. I have wept, and wept,
Bowed down with bitter sorrow,—yet 'tis past,
And God forgives us,—will forgive you too,
If you but ask him. Yes, I feel you have,—
Have asked forgiveness ; dear, believe it given,
By God, more freely than 'tis given by us.

“We are so glad to hear of you as safe,
And thriving too,—such boundless tracts of land,—
Sheep out of number; in my mind I dream
You grown like Jacob, wearing a long beard
Down to the girdle, with a crook in hand,
Australian patriarch, with flocks and herds
Innumerable. But he who tells us this
Mars all the picture, saying you are ill.
Oh, stay no more in those outlandish parts,
But come to us. A welcome waits you here,
Warm as midsummer, which is here with us,—
Mid-winter yours! Oh come away, nor stop
One single day before the fleetest ship
Is found to carry you to England’s shores.
Three bairns are ours—a Frank, a Charles, and last
A Mary,—such a baby,—oh so sweet,—
And not too fat, though Charles will say she is.
But you must see, and love her, and she you,
Dear Frank, believe me all is known, and all
Forgiven. Come then. Mary.”

Twice he read
The letter as he lay, and turning round
Slept, and in sleeping passed away in peace.

RETURN OF SPRING.

Now Winter's reign has passed away ;
And buds appear on every spray ;
The sweet birds sing in hedge and tree
Their melodies of careless glee ;

For all the wood is green again,
And green the vale and hill ;
And only in this heart of mine
The winter lingers still.

The lambs about the meadows skip ;
And in the stream the swallows dip ;
The winds, that blow from south and west,
Woo all the flowers that love them best ;

For all the wood is green again,
And green the vale and hill ;
And only in this heart of mine
The winter lingers still.

O heart of mine, that seems so glad !
O heart of mine, that seems so sad !

Ah, wherefore, as in days of yore,
Steals not the joy into the core ;

For all the wood is green again,
And green the vale and hill ;
And only in this heart of mine
The winter lingers still.

THANKSGIVING AFTER STORM.¹

I.

THE groaning forest bending
Heaves like an angry main ;
The rain and hail descending
O'erflows each dyke and drain ;
Through black clouds tempest-driven
The rapid lightnings flash,
And through the vaulted heaven
Loud thunders crack and crash.

O Lord God, the tempest, Thy wrathful word
obeying,

Dismaying us praying, hath brought destruction
near ;

We shrink from Thine anger, Thy majesty appalling,
Down falling and calling upon Thy name in fear.

¹ The Chorus is suggested by the Music in the last movement of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony."

II.

The yellow corn is lying
Down-beaten by the rain,
It seems as though 'twere dying,
And ne'er would rise again ;
'Tis oh, for breezes blowing
Beneath the sunny skies
Before the time of mowing,
To give it strength to rise.
O Lord God, in anger, Thy mercy ne'er forgetting,
Our fretting, regretting, we meekly own Thy
sway ;
Forsake us not wholly, but in Thy mercy hear us,
Be near us to cheer us, when heart and hope
give way.

III.

Now all the storm has ended,
The clouds are rolled away,
And, girt with brilliance splendid,
Descends the light of day ;
Afar the thunder growling
Slinks back into the night,
Like some wild creature prowling,
Scared by the morning light.

O Thou, who in tempest hast dreadly passed
before us,
Restore us, and o'er us Thy bow of mercy throw ;
We own, Lord, Thy goodness, with trembling lips
adoring,
Imploring, and pouring the praises that we owe.

IV.

The blue sky widens o'er us,
The air is calm and sweet,
The birds in happy chorus
Come forth the sun to greet ;
While mists like incense stealing
O'er all the landscape swim,
And, with the full heart's feeling,
Our happy eyes are dim.
O Lord God, whose favours are far beyond our
finding,
Close binding and winding our hearts around
Thine own,
We own, Lord, Thy bounty, Thy tender love
caressing,
Confessing Thy blessing, so plenteously bestown.

V.

Our days are full of fighting,
Our lives are full of care,

And evil thoughts benighting
Steal on us unaware;—
The tempests gather o'er us;—
Ah, God, for faith to see
The shining lands before us,
Where we at peace shall be !

O Lord God of Heaven, we cannot truly love
Thee,
But move Thee, and prove Thee with all our
wild unrest;
'Tis oh, for that new land, in peace for aye abiding,
Confiding, and hiding our troubles in Thy breast.

THE OAK TREE.

OH, lovely is the tender lime, shining in April
show'r,
And glorious is the fiery beech in Autumn's sunset
hour;
But Summer, Spring, or Autumn, whate'er the season
be,
I love the spreading branches of the broad oak tree.

It grows in other lands I know; but surely not so
fair;

I needs must think it sighs and pants for a breath
of English air.

Who will not dream of England, wherever he may
be,

As he stands beneath the branches of a broad oak
tree.

There right was dealt 'twixt man and man; there
Druids knelt in prayer;

'Twas there the outlaw feasted; and the king lay
hidden there;

The ships that chased the Spanish fleet, far o'er
the foaming sea,

Were built of the great branches of the broad oak
tree.

There fuller sounds the thrush's song upon the
topmost bough;

There tenderer is the lover's kiss, and truer is the
vow;

There merrier is the feasting, and louder is the
glee,

When friends are met together 'neath the broad
oak tree.

How massive are his giant limbs, how bent with
strain and storm,
What breadth, what strength, what majesty, what
careless grace of form !
What wonder that the statesman dreamed, that all
men should be free,
As he lay beneath the branches of the broad oak
tree.¹

O tender grace of silver birch ! O beech of lusty
green !
O iron strength of hardy fir ! O elm of stately
mien !
Though ye be princes in your woods, and, though
so proud ye be,
Come bow before your lord and king, the broad
oak tree.

A BIT OF COLOUR.

GREY was the morn, all things were grey,
'Twas Winter more than Spring ;
A bleak east wind swept o'er the land,
And sobered everything.

¹Wilberforce at Keston.

Grey was the sky, the fields were grey,
The hills, the woods, the trees—
Distance and foreground—all the scene
Was grey in the grey breeze.

Grey cushions, and a grey skin rug,
A dark grey wicker trap,
Grey were the ladies' hats and cloaks,
And grey my coat and cap ;

A narrow, lonely, grey old lane ;
And lo, on a grey gate,
Just by the side of a grey wood,
A sooty sweep there sat.

With grimy chin 'twixt grimy hands
He sat and whistled shrill ;
And in his sooty cap he wore
A yellow daffodil.

And often, when the days are dull,
I seem to see him still—
The jaunty air, the sooty face,
And the yellow daffodil.

MARTYRS OF THE NETHERLANDS.¹

THEIR hands fast bound in heavy chains,
And doomed to death by fire,
Two fair-haired youths stood up between
Their mother and their sire.

“What demon rites do ye perform?
Your vile misdeeds reveal;
Or from your lips the rack shall drag
The truth ye would conceal.”

The younger saint, untaught to fear,
Their daily duty told.
In child-like, simple words he spoke,
In innocence bold.

“We fall upon our knees to God;
And pray with tears, that He
For evermore will keep our souls
From sinful passions free;

“We pray that He will bless our King
With store of prosperous days;
That all our governors may be
Preserved in all their ways.

¹ See Motley's *Dutch Republic*, Vol. I., p. 292.

“We pray no other prayers than these ;
No other rites have we.”

The hard-faced judges wept to hear
Such brave simplicity.

They dragged them from the judgment-hall,
The father and a son,
Still praying, “Even unto death,
O God, Thy will be done.

“We are content, so Thou art pleased
Our sacrifice to take ;
O heavenly Father, take the gift
For holy Jesu’s sake.”

“Ye lie,” exclaimed the savage monks,
Who piled the fatal fire ;
“Ye are the damnèd brood of hell,
And Satan is your sire.”

They hurled them on the crackling wood,
But, through the volumed smoke,
The sweet voice of the younger saint
In holy rapture broke—

“Oh ! look, my father, from the clouds
He comes to claim His own ;

The heavens are sundered, and I see
Our God upon His throne.

“Ten hundred thousand angels bright
Gleam through the opening sky,
Rejoicing in the steadfast faith
That teaches how to die.”

“Silence, blasphemer,” shrieked the priests,
“Thou liest in thy teeth !
A host of devils call thee hence,
Hell-fire yawns beneath.”

The dark crowds swayed and thrilled with fear,
And all beheld, amazed,
How, like an angel’s shone his face,
As into heaven he gazed.

The wild flames leaped upon their prey ;
But, o’er them as they roared,
Two happy souls had found their rest,
Their Saviour and their Lord.

God give us faith, e’en to the last,
Like theirs, who died that day ;
But chiefly with His grace defend
Our hearts from passion’s sway.

GRINDELWALD.

ALL day the rain fell heavily ; the clouds
Streamed down the valley in one long grey fringe,
While underneath, and through the misty rain,
The blue-grey glacier gleamed, and purple woods
Of fir and larch, with slopes of tender green,
And groups of deep-eaved chalets of the hue
Of ruddy chestnuts, ruddier from the wet
That soaked into the wood. At length the sun,
What time he neared the border of the earth,
Broke through the clouds in splendour. All the mists
Whirled round him in the west, and overhead
Lakes of the deepest blue appeared to move
Amid the moving clouds ; and, to and fro,
Through all the vale the vapours, gathering, flew ;
And, caught by varying currents of the wind,
Fled hither, thither,—for a moment paused ;
Then, lifting upwards with a sudden swirl,
Lay bare the huge crags of the Wetterhorn,
Grey granite, sharp against the living blue.

Then coldly clear the jagged glacier rose
Blue-chasm'd to the snow-fields. Lower down
The misty steeps, fir-crowned, sent up a steam
Of thin blue vapour, quivering to the skies.

The rich brown chalets, dotted on the slopes
Of dazzling green were dashed with hues of eve;
And far away the folded hills were touched
With golden splendour. All the valley lay
One mass of shadowy purple, save, indeed,
Where one long line of white fog, stretching wide,
Cut the dark hills asunder.

All was still:—

One missed the cheerful singing of the birds,
That love to welcome the returning sun.
All, all was still:—save when the avalanche
Rolled a dull thunder through the silent rocks,
And made the stillness stiller; or anon
The distant lowing of the grazing kine,
Whose mellow-bells made music as they moved,
Or merrier tinkling of the nimble goats,
That feed upon the mountains. Overhead
The hawk hung in the heavens, lightly swerved,
And poised, and swerved again. Till now the sun,
Long-battling bravely with th' encircling clouds,
Outnumbered, but unyielding, fell and died;
And Night, a mourner, o'er the fallen King
Drew her dark robe, and hung o'er him, and wept.

IN NORTH WALES.

You ask me why the Muse is mute,
'Mid scenes so fair as these;
Where Nature plies her every art,
Her utmost power to please.

Oh, there are sun-lit heights of bliss,
That words may never reach;
And there are thoughts which flood the soul
Beyond the power of speech!

As on some deep and silent pool
The sweet reflections stay,
While, lower down, the broken stream
Babbles them all away;

My heart receives each image fair,
And smoothly flows along;
But by-and-bye, 'mid rougher scenes,
Will bubble into song.

*

(LATIN TRANSLATION BY THE LATE MR.
JUSTICE DENMAN.)¹

“INTER delicias ruris amabiles
Quare Musa silet,” prospiciens rogas,
Quamquam hic illecebras ante oculos suas
Natura explicat artifex?

Ah! sunt lætitiæ culmina lucida,
Quæ non Musa valet scandere, solibus
Illustrata suis. Inque animis tument
Linguâ non memorabiles

Sensus.—Sic in aquis lene silentibus
Pulcræ sæpe manent formæ et imagines,
Quas mox unda loquax et vada turbida
Mixto murmure destruunt.

Sic quæ nunc video pectus in integrum
Cor, labens placide, leniter accipit;
Mox, terris inhians asperioribus,
Cantu, fors nimio, furet.

¹ This translation was not written for publication, but I am glad to have permission to include it.

REPLY TO AN ANGLER'S IDYLL.

BY A. H. HILL, IN *Fraser*, 1861.

SURELY there needs no poet's art to teach
The sweet delights of lying by the Lynn,
Listening the thunder of its foaming falls;
Or watching for the silver trout, that rise,
And splash the quiet pools with dimpling rings
About the dark brown rocks. The loveliness
Of such fair scenes is felt by all who see.
Untaught we love them. Therefore, O my friend,
Forsake mere ornaments, and turn your power
To lighting up the darker ways of life,—
The toil and strain of this care-laden world,—
Lift up the curtain of the woes of life,
And show the glimpses of bright hope within,
If not within, at least beyond, this life.
Have you no comfort for the weary heart?
Have you no food to give the famished soul?
For truly these delights of trickling streams,
That play for others, these sweet groves and hills,
Yielding delicious shade for happier wights,
Do only make us envious, who remain
Choked with the dust, and deafened by the roar
Of this world's highway.

Yet I blame for naught :
Sing as you will, since you so sweetly sing !
For even unto us, who may not hear
The "busy music" of the "ringing reel,"
Or see "the fluttered woodlands," or the bloom
Of "pleiad clusters of star-primroses,"
'Tis sweet to hear the melody of words,
And even, if we may, to dream we see.

But yet, I will not have you utter words
Of faint disparagement against the scenes
I love so well,—dear *Alma Mater's* home !
Say, can your Lynn with all its vaunted charms
Present a scene more gay than classic Cam,
What time the gentle Spring is newly dressed
In silken green, not splendidly attired,
Yet modestly, for into green and grey
The pollard twinkles by the twisting stream.
Long trains of heavy barges slowly wind,
And curl themselves, like fabled monster-snakes,
The terror of all lands. From either marge
The loaded ferries swing themselves across ;
And like gay gardens, decked with gaudy flowers,
The banks are thronged with crowds of diverse hues
Listening the fateful signal for the start,
Or loitering, laughing, talking, making bets,—

Youth at the "Plough" and Pleasure everywhere,—
And, round by. Grassy, "raining influence,"
Gay groups of ladies glitter on the green.
At last the gun!—And then the mingled roar
Of hundred shouters, and the trampling rush
Of hundred hurrying feet, the rapid "thud"—
The fierce "spirt" flapping through the lazy stream,
Until the beaten waters writhe and foam
In long waves washing through the reedy banks.
And then the last wild cheer of Victory!—
Nay, we can put some life into the stream,
That "lags so lazily."

'Tis often said,
Our joys and griefs are born within ourselves;
With our own hues we paint the passing scenes,
Or bright, or sombre. Oh, believe me, friend,
The joys which come of a contented mind
Are more than all delights of purling streams.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

I.

WEARILY all through the hours of the night
Falls the sad voice of the sea,

On the ears of those who are left alone
In pain or in misery.
Wearily bursting down on the beach,
Wearily, now and anon ;
Seeming ever to preach—
“Vanity, vanity, life is vain,
The great waves break again and again ;
The World is made up of storm and strife,
There is no rest in the ocean of Life,
And the tempest will never have done.”

II.

But the youth who stands in his strength by the shore,
With the spray in his face, and the wind in his hair,
Hears a far other song in the ocean's roar :—
He is ready to do and to dare.
For lost in the future he seems to be,
And hears the sound of another sea ;
'Tis the noise of his life that rings in his ears,
He is dreaming a dream of the coming years.
The winds are steady, the sails are tight,
His path lies on through a line of light ;
The good ship speeds like a wingèd dart,
And dashed from the prow the breakers part.
On a sudden a doubt will strike, like the chill

We feel in an evening warm and still,
 When the sun like a ball of gold
Is rolled on the edge of the purple hill,
 And the valley is misty and cold;
But he throws it aside with a fierce disdain,
And the wild free strength of the bounding main
Comes into his heart and his blood and his brain—
 “Courage! be strong and be bold.”

III.

But he who has looked on death,—
The mystery of the last drawn breath,—
Turns to thy wordless voice, O sea,
As to a friend in misery.
For thy boundless space and eternal roar,
And the great waves bursting along the shore,
Proclaim as they roll for evermore:—
 “There is no peace, no rest from strife,
 No lull to the ceaseless friction of life;
But, lost in the light of the love of God,
They rest, who were here so full of care,
Where the waves are hushed, and the skies are fair,
 Far, far beyond mortal range;
Where the smooth seas glimmer in golden light,
Where suns never set, and there is no night,
 Neither sorrow, nor shadow of change!”

A SKETCH.

AN even life with peace and plenty blest,
Yet crossed with shadows of the common lot,—
E'en such a life as some would lightly scorn
For seeming void of interest; yet, indeed,
A life of noble purpose, actual good.
Genial in manner, frank of mind and heart;
Kind, but with sense to make his kindness real;
Not quickly sensitive to feel the smart
Of blows on him or others; if you will,
Somewhat too "brusque"; yet, like a woman, soft,
When called upon to help. From day to day
With honest heart he did his daily work
Within the field allotted. There are lights,
Whose flame is glorious as the stars of heaven,
And like the stars they vanish in the clouds;
But his was as a beacon on the shore
Shining through calm and storm.

A parish priest,
Loved much by all who knew him, loved the most
By those who knew him best. He taught his flock
To know the right and choose it, and to shun
All evil as the adder in their path.
Clear common-sense was his, which threw a broad

White light on all things, showing simple truths
In simple form, most pleasing to the poor
And simple-minded ; therefore was he loved
By simple-minded men.

His other self
Was tuned to suit the tenor of his mind
In likeness, and in difference of tone.
Two natures in one chalice interfused
Of diverse colours, mingling into one.
They taught their children due obedience,
The bond of love. They mixed in all their sports
And, joining in the childish merriment,
Swayed the occasion, unobserved, to teach
Justice and truth, and all things fair and good.

So lived they, and departing they bequeathed
Those of their name, after their pattern formed,
As legacy of wealth for after time.

THE CASTLE ON THE SAND.

WE built a castle on the strand
Beside the summer sea ;
The children heaped the yellow sand,
With shouts of random glee.

And bridges, moats, and stairs we made,
And forts to left and right,
And, crowning all, a flag displayed
Its stream of rosy light.

Meanwhile the tide came dashing o'er
The gentle slopes of sand,
Now stretching far into the shore,
Now drawing from the land.

Hurrah! at length the foe draws nigh!
Now rushes round the moats;
Now rises to the ramparts high,
Where still the standard floats.

The children watch th' advancing sea,
Till every outlook falls;
And, 'mid a shout of ecstasy,
Down slide the castle walls.

We build our castles in the air,
More frail than those of sand;
We shape them very tall and fair,
O'erlooking all the land,

And crowned with banners floating wide;
Nor can we see or hear,

How Time's unalterable tide
Is surely creeping near.

He rises to the bastion's ridge,
He storms the turrets high ;
'Tis well if we have left one bridge—
One path by which to fly.

Alas ! the dreams of riper years
In solemn sadness fall ;—
Where are the shouts the children raise
Around the ruined wall?

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LARK.

I.

NIGHTINGALE ! why art thou never glad ?
Only a passionate longing for bliss,
Only a feigning of not being sad,—
Oh, tell me the secret of this !
“I have learnt my song, through the ages long,
In the bowers of earth where I make my nest ;
And I mingle my strain of passion and pain
With a yearning for perfect rest.”

II.

O brave, blithe lark, thou art never sad ;
Thine is a lay of unfeignèd bliss ;
In cloud or in sunshine supremely glad,—
Oh, tell me the secret of this !
“Daily I rise to the happy skies
From the sorrowing earth where I build my
nest,
And to me it is given to learn up in Heaven
The song of the spirits at rest.”

IN MEMORIAM: T. CRESWICK, R.A.

THE woods are green, the skies are bright ;
On branch and stem the dazzling light
Is flickering to and fro, and makes
A dappled shadow, where it breaks.

The grass is emerald green to-day ;
It seems to burn, to melt away ;
My aching eyes are filled with tears,
The songs of birds oppress my ears.

Oh, careless birds, why will ye sing?
How dare ye burst, ye buds of spring?

When he who loved you so of yore
Rejoices in your joy no more.

Droop all your heads, ye flowers that blow ;
Ye streams in mournful music flow ;
Grey mist and dewy vapour rise,
And veil the glory of the skies.

And weep, all tender hearts and true—
Your eyes may well be filled with dew ;
But tears no more are in those eyes,
Which see the bowers of Paradise.

The eye that saw, the ear that heard,
The heart that every beauty stirred,
Now sees, and hears, and feels no less
In lands where all is loveliness.

IN MEM.: J. A. M'LEOD, Q.C.

OB. APRIL, 1883.

DEEP common-sense, graced with a surface play
Of rippling fancy, and of glancing wit ;
Learning, and worldly wisdom, closely knit
With courage, as the advocate's best stay,
To face the fight and win it, if he may ;

Frankness with tender sympathy combined ;
Free-handed, open-hearted, warmly kind ;—
One dark cloud comes—dimmed is that cheerful ray !
Now, when all nature seems to wake again
With blossoms and with birds on every tree,
Remembering old times and scenes in vain,—
The blue-eyed boy, so full of random glee,—
I, for he seemed to love to hear me sing,
Throw on his grave one modest flower of Spring.

SONNET.—NIGHT.

Now o'er the dying glories of the day
Night draws her sable robe with many a star
Bespangled, and the long contested war
Is over, and the clouds are rolled away.
'Then may one dream, that every starry ray
Pierces the dome of darkness with its light,
And far beyond the curtain of the night,
A hidden heaven of glory would betray.
Thus gazing on the stars the fancy feigns.
Ah, might we but believe that this is so,—
That scattered truths, which now in darkness show,
Are glimpses of a land, where Truth still reigns
For evermore ; and, when the Heavens shall rend,
Will break into a noon that knows no end.

CHURCH-STRETTON.

Too soon to be forgotten, as a dream !

Alas, how fleeting are all human joys !

Here, in great London's harsh and hurrying noise,
I scarce can call to mind the little stream,
Now dimmed in shadow, now in sunny gleam,

Whispering and tinkling past the Carding Mill,

Through fern, and heather, rock, and folded hill,

Down to the village,—far too small I deem

To bear the name of "Town," sequestered spot,
Church-Stretton !—Yet when all is still, at night,
A vision strikes upon my inward sight :—

Tumbling and foaming from the rocky steep

Which pours the Light Spout, on with many a
leap

Thou dashest downward, though I see thee not.

AFTER HORACE.—LIB. I., CARM. IX.

(*To Thaliarchus.*)

THE roofs are white with glittering snow,

Swift flies the huddling cloud,

And round about the chimneys blow
The wintry breezes loud.
Pile up the coal, draw near the hearth,
Bring forth the generous wine,
And let us share the joys of earth,
While yet they're thine and mine.
Let not the shades of future care
Obscure the noon-day light ;
The twilight drear will soon be here,
Forerunner of the night.
But, while the sun of youth is high,
We'll laugh, and dance, and sing ;
Avoiding Age's evil eye,
And Sorrow's poignant sting.
Now let the sports be used, that make
Both mind and body strong,
And let the yellow morning break
On feasting loud and long.
And let the jovial laugh resound,
The clash of varied wits ;
And let the merry jest go round,
That hurts not where it hits.
Now let the youthful lovers walk
Along sequestered glades,
And steal sweet kisses, 'mid their talk,
From half reluctant maids,

Whose lips and eyes, half pout, half smile,—
Half love, and half disdain,—
Pretending anger, laugh the while,
And coax to kiss again.

MY BOATING SONG.

I.

OH this earth is a mine, full of treasure,—
A goblet, that's full to the brim,
And each man may choose for his pleasure
The thing that's most pleasant to him;
Then let all, who are birds of my feather,
Throw heart and soul into my song,
Mark the time, pick it up all-together,
And merrily row it along.
Hurrah, boys, or losing or winning,
Feel your stretchers and make the blades bend;
Hard on to it, catch the beginning,
And pull it clean through to the end.

II.

I'll admit 'tis delicious to plunge in
Clear pools with their shadows at rest;
'Tis nimble to parry, or lunge in
Your foil at the enemy's chest.

'Tis rapture to take a man's wicket,
Or lash round to leg for a four;
But somehow the glories of cricket
Depend on the state of the score.
But in boating, or losing or winning,
Though Victory may not attend;
Oh, 'tis jolly to catch the beginning,
And pull it clean through to the end.

III.

'Tis brave, over hill and dale sweeping,
To be in at the death of the fox;
Or to whip, where the salmon are leaping,
The river that roars o'er the rocks.
'Tis prime to bring down the cock pheasant;
And yachting is certainly great;
But, beyond all expression, 'tis pleasant
To row in a rattling good eight.
Then, hurrah, boys, or losing or winning,
What matter what labour we spend?
Hard on to it, catch the beginning,
And pull it clean through to the end.

IV.

Shove her off! Half a stroke! Now, get ready!
Five seconds! Four, three, two, one, gun!

Well started! Well rowed! Keep her steady!
You'll want all your wind ere you've done.
Now you're straight! Let the pace become swifter!
Roll the wash to the left and the right!
Pick it up all together, and lift her,
As though she would bound out of sight!
Hurrah, Hall! Hall! Now you're winning,
Feel your stretchers and make the blades
bend;
Hard on to it, catch the beginning,
And pull it clean through to the end.

v.

Bump! Bump! O ye gods, how I pity
The ears those sweet sounds never heard;
More tuneful than loveliest ditty
E'er poured from the throat of a bird.
There's a prize for each honest endeavour,
But none for the man who's a shirk;
And the pluck that we've showed on the river,
Shall tell in the rest of our work.
At the last, whether losing or winning,
This thought with all memories blend,—
We forgot not to catch the beginning,
And we pulled it clean through to the end.

POEMS

PUBLISHED 1860.

ALMA MATER.

I.

THE spendthrift wand'ring in deserted halls
Broods o'er the past for ever flown away,
When the high mirth shook all the castle walls
E'en to the turrets grey.

Then might he scarce their loveliness perceive;—
In misty splendour moved the happy days;—
No future ill to dread, no cause to grieve,
Lost in a blissful haze.

Now o'er his forehead hangs the cloud of care;
His eyes are shadow'd from the blinding light;
The happy hours, he mark'd not when they were,
Drawn into clearer sight.

So those three years in gradual beauty rise,
The dazzling haze no more the landscape fills,—
The mists of morning steep'd in crimson dyes
Roll from the purple hills.

II.

What careless bliss was ours in other times,
When lying in the cool of leafy shade,
We passed the golden wine beneath the limes
By rustling breezes sway'd;

Or talk'd with mingled jest and random bet,
And various prophecies on coming sports,
Or, one by one, in knots of idlers met
About the sombre courts;

Or 'mid the shouts and cheers and deafning roar,—
The rough wash rolling from our struggling prey,—
Felt the long eight spring, lifting from the oar,
As she would fly away!

Alas! the lot of man is thus to find
The glory of the past when all is vain;
And then to cast a longing look behind,
And dream it o'er again.

III.

The lonely wand'rer under other skies
Thinks on the happy fields he may not see ;
The home-enfolding landscape seems to rise
With sunlight on the lea.

Dreaming, he hears the lowing of the cows,
The pigeons flapping in their circled flight,
The rooks loud clamouring from the topmost boughs
That take the latest light ;

And musing on the scenes unloved till now,
Now grown so dear he never can forget,
He feels how pleasures past for ever grow
Dearer in dim regret.

PILATE'S WIFE'S DREAM.¹

STILL with increasing clamour rang the hall:—
“Away with this blasphemer! Crucify him!”
Then, dreading lest an uproar should arise,
The Praetor yielded to their loud demands ;

¹It should, perhaps, be stated that this Poem was published before Gustave Doré's Picture on the same subject was painted.

And, with a forehead like the hard-ribb'd sand
Fretted with ceaseless waves, he left the hall.
And still he muttered, "What is Truth?" and railed
At priestly laws and Jewish turbulency,
And cursed the feeble power that he possessed.
So mused he doubtfully, vexed with dark thoughts
And vague remorse; till thinking—"She did dream,
Or said or thought she dreamed. A dream!—
Perchance

Dreams may be true, since all things else are false!"
He entered where his wife lay terror-numbed,
And pale and weary with tormenting fears.
Their glances met and fell, and so they sat
In silence. On her cheek an angry spot
Flushed, and her pallid lips were curled in scorn;
But still she spoke not.

Pilate broke the spell.

"Tell me the foolish dream," he said, and smiled.
She rose to all her height and answered him.

I.

"So you have washed your dainty hands of crime,
Covered your guilt with words:—'His blood
shall be
On them and on their children!' Lo, the time
Shall come, when you, all undeceived, shall see

Your soul still coloured with the crimson stain !
You are not Cæsar's friend,—a bending reed
Was never Cæsar's friend ! You hope to gain
A little gust of favour for the deed,
By fawning on these priests, who'll fail you at your
need !

II.

“Would I had faced you in the judgment-hall,
Proclaimed the fearful omens of the night,
And named you coward ! there, before them all !
Oh, I can see your cheeks are sickly white
At the bare thought ! Yet, had I faced you then,
I would have shamed you into seeming brave.
Of princely power never boast again,
Since you must cringe to every brawling slave.
Pilate ! His blood will cry aloud from out the grave.

III.

“I flung my casement open, while the night
Came as a gloomy thought that clouds the brow ;
And lo ! as thick as dew-drops, when the light
Bursts from the East, the stars began to glow.
Long time I gazed upon the jewelled skies,
Then slowly seemed to lose the power of will,

A dazzling brilliance trembled in mine eyes ;
A lonely terror made my bosom thrill ;
I felt as one who weeps, at night, when all is still.

IV.

“Then from the farthest circle of the sky
Came the low hissing of a rising wind ;
My face was flushed ; my lips and throat were
dry ;—
Methought the storm was stirring in my mind ;—
The mem’ry of my sins arose, like dust
That whirls before the breeze on desert sand.
Lo ! in the calm behind the driving gust,
Fringed with a glory from the heavens, a band
Of shining angels floated slowly toward the land.

V.

“Before them as they moved, and ’neath their feet,
The clouds were rolled in glory, and the air
Was fragrant, and their looks were grand yet sweet ;
And every face was differently fair.
And on their heads their golden crowns they wore,
And round about their waists a belt of light,
And in their hands their golden harps they bore ;
And soon they ceased to move. Full to my sight
Anon they smote the strings with rapturous delight.

VI.

“And then they sang; ‘Love’s triumph has begun,
The Lord has come to be betrothed to her,
His virgin Bride: from highest heaven the sun
Has stooped to woo the moon that shines so fair.
Henceforth shall she, the Queen of this dark ball,
Shed the reflected glory of her King,
In splendour which shall never fade nor fall.
Glory to God on high!’ aloud they sing:
‘Peace and goodwill to all the world we bring!’

VII.

“‘From highest heaven the God of perfect love
Watches the working of His perfect will;
And, though His throne is set in realms above,
Guards His beloved Church from every ill.
With gentle care He nurtures the fair flower,
Tended by angels that surround the throne,
Intent to make it lovelier, till the hour
When His dear Son shall claim it for His own—
His Bride for evermore to perfect beauty grown.’

VIII.

“Straight from beneath the shadow of the band
Into the full effulgence was she borne;

Girt with the waving clouds, I saw her stand
Like Ruth amid the yellow-ripening corn.
Down-trembling to her waist each golden tress
Shone all around with glory ; she was fair
With all the grace of love and holiness.

She looked straight heavenward through her
shining hair ;
And like an incense sweet the breathing of her
prayer.

IX.

“Her snowy hand held firm the sacred books,
That speak the future coming of her King.
Tow’rd her the angels bend their shining looks,
And ever bow their heads the while they sing
In softests notes that fill the liquid air,
With holy joy and perfect love elate :—
‘A little while, O maiden, fond and fair !
And He that shall come will in princely state,
And surely shall not tarry, knowing thou dost wait.’

X.

“Then smoothly gliding from the dark’ning world,
While still the air with mellow music rang,
And round them still the golden clouds were curl’d,
Still of the same great mysteries they sang.

And, while I watched them as they moved along,
Each angel narrowed to a little star ;
The harps grew fainter, and the tide of song
Was lost in seas of silence soft and far,—
My soul returned to earth, and knew the things that are.

XI.

“Then, while I turned the vision o’er and o’er,
I heard a noise of distant voices rise,
And fall again, and burst into a roar
Of tumult, mixed with oaths and jeering cries ;
And then I knew that through the crowded street
They led a prisoner, as they poured along
With flare of torches and the tramp of feet.
But softly through the uproar of the throng,
Still lingered on mine ears the vanish’d angel’s song.

XII.

“Pilate ! the man they hooted and reviled
Was this same Jesus, who before thee stood
Guiltless and pure, in all things undefiled.
O Pilate, we are guilty of His blood !
Thou, for thy base abuse of power, and I,
In that the mystic visions I had seen
Did not persuade me mightily to try
All means t’ avert what never should have been.
O God, that I had died before yon Nazarene !

XIII.

“Oh, be a man in deed as well as name !
Forbear to punish Him in whom you find
No fault at all ; or else let your fair fame
Be the eternal jest of all mankind !

I swear to love thee to my latest breath
If thou wilt dare to set yon pris’ner free,
And save Him from the ignominious death.

Lo ! on my knees I make my prayer to thee
Now, e’er it grows too late, annul the harsh decree !”

Then Pilate raised her by the hand and spoke :—
“That, which is done, is done. Most weak it were
To change my purpose, having yielded once,
Stirring the maddened people to revolt.—
And all for what?—All for a silly dream !

“Who is this Jesus? But your fears are wild—
Fit for a foolish child that dreads the dark
Through reading idle stories. This a dream?
Nay, but a mere delusion of the sense,
Seen with dazed eyes long gazing on the stars,
When the warm blood was chilled with airs of night !
A dream without a sleep ! Was this enough
To make you startle me with that strange message,
That well-nigh made me swerve away from justice?
Is this then all?”

“Pilate ! this is not all.

I dreamt again, when my hot head was resting
Upon the cool soft couch, the window closed,
And I, I think, asleep ; for I had reached
My bed I know not how ; and still I felt
A numbness creeping over all my frame,
And dreadful terrors. Yet I could not cry
For help for very shame ; and so I lay.
But after I had dreamed my second dream
I rose up in great horror, and I called
My maids about me. And the dawn was come.
And then they told me that the court was met
To try the prisoner Jesus. Then I sent
The message down to thee in haste and fear.”

Then answered Pilate. “If the second dream
Be like the first, I have no time to hear
What doth not profit me ; but if you will,
Tell me the dream at once, and then forget.”
She answered in deep sorrow as she spoke.

I.

“We two must live our lives and share our woe
Whether I tell the dream or not to thee,
Thou still must feel it ; for indeed I know,
That hopeless clouds o’erhang the days to be.

And, if I tell thee not, it will appear
In all my looks, as on the felon's brow
Is blazoned all his guilt; and thou wilt fear
The untold dream; so thou shalt hear it now,
And then we will forget, what we must always know.

II.

“Methought the burnished heavens began to bend,
And heave like waves that lift toward the strand;
Then the great dome was cracked from end to end
And rolled away beneath the darkened land!
And lo! the heavenly hosts in thousand forms
Burst with a clang of trumpets from the sky;
The rocks and hills were split amid the storms
Of pealing thunder; and there rose a cry,
Beyond all human sound, proclaiming victory!

III.

“And lo! the land was covered with a crowd
Of human forms to which the land gave birth;
And soon the air was filled with uproar loud,
The noise of millions moving on the earth.
High up in heaven there gleamed a Centre bright,—
A glorious Sun, from which I turned in fear,
So fierce its splendour. Then my dazzled sight
Beheld a cloud of angels hovering near,—
An army grand and bright with breastplate, helm,
and spear!

IV.

“Then those stern angels, hastening to the land,
Divided all the multitude in twain.
To left and right they separated stand
Before the dazzling Circle ; and in vain
The crowd upon the left in bitter grief
Called on the rocks to fall and let them die ;
And quaked and trembled as an Autumn leaf
Shakes to the fall. O God, to hear them cry
Froze all my soul with fear and speechless agony !

V.

“But those upon the right with hopeful gaze
Looked upward, and the beauty of the light
Shone full upon them from the Central Blaze,
And clothed them all with radiance rare and bright.
Before the Central Sun, where angels knelt,
A godlike man sat on a great white throne ;
And o’er His head a flaming golden belt,
Whereon His name in blazoned letters shone :
‘ Jesus of Nazareth, God’s well-belovèd Son !’

VI.

“Behind the throne a golden Cross was reared
That blazed with glory, dazzling to the sense ;
The thronèd King in regal pomp appeared,
Grave and yet mild, in calm magnificence.

But, O my God, beneath His robes I saw
His hands and feet were pierced, and in His
side

A ghastly scar, that filled my soul with awe !

Then those about the throne arising cried—

‘ Behold the Lamb of God, for sinners crucified !’

VII.

“ O God, ’twas but a dream, it was not true ;

Yet it will haunt my days till I am dead.

And lo ! the Man arose, and closer drew

Toward the Centre of the Light, and said :—

‘ To do Thy will, O God, was My desire,

What time I trod the earth, and suffered shame
And bitter death. And now, O heavenly Sire,

Perform My will and Thine, which are the
same.

Lo ! Father, these Thy children called upon My
name.

VIII.

“ He spoke, and stretched His hand toward the
Right :

Then came a Voice, clear, silver-toned, and
loud ;

And suddenly the Central Sphere of light

Glowed rosy-tinted like a sun-set cloud :—

‘O Son, in whom I chiefly take delight,
Do what Thou wilt!’ And lo, as swift as
thought,
The happy crowd up to the highest height
Of all the shining realms of heaven were
caught,
And out of darkness into glorious light were brought.

IX.

“And then methought the solid earth did shake
And reel upon her pillars, and a roar
Burst from beneath; the land began to break
And split in chasms; and from the dark earth’s
core
The flames flew upward, and the great round
world
Fell from its station, rolled about with smoke!
Then from the multitudes to ruin hurled,
A sad and piercing cry of anguish broke;—
And then I cried for help; and with the cry
awoke!”

And lo! in waves of shadow, ere she ceased,
The silent darkness slipt along the land;
Before the sun a shadow slowly passed,
Veil-like to hide him from the shameless earth,

The clouds from every quarter upward rolled,
Till, like a flaming ship that staggering sinks,
The high sun foundered in a sea of night.
The birds came chirping all about the roofs
As at the sunset hour; the dead air paused
In awful silence; then a shiver ran
Through all the branches of the palace trees;
The large drops fell unseen; and through a night
Of utter blackness and without a star
The fierce forked lightning dashed about the clouds,
And long-continued thunder roared and rolled
And shook the city. All the earth did quake
And tremble; and the rocks were split and fell
And crashed in fragments. Then a cry arose
Through all the town: "The Temple of the Lord!"

But those two sat in silence, stunned with fear;
Motionless sat, hand locked in hand, and awed
Beyond all power of either speech or thought;
And, only when the lightning flashed, they saw
Their haggard faces, pale as are the dead.

But, when the chill return of light had come,—
Cold as the greeting of an enemy
Who smiles with malice working at his heart,—
They both arose, and with a look of pain
They parted in deep silence, as of death.

ORPHEUS AND THE SIRENS.

FROM the circled haze of distance like a ghost the
vessel drew,
Gliding to the pleasant islands bosom'd in the
central blue.

Green beneath the leafy bowers roll'd the waters
in the bay,
Sprinkled by the swaying branches with the golden
light of day.

All the air was warm with fragrance wafted from
the blossom'd trees ;
Through the woods the hidden streamlets wandered
to the open seas.

Where a thousand racing ripples broke and bubbled
up the bar,
Shone the bleaching bones of victims, seen by
sailors from afar.

Mildly blew the summer breezes, melting all the
power of will ;
While the songs of Sirens wakened echoes from
the purple hill.

But to-day they tuned their voices, which the sailors
loved to hear,
More beguilingly and fondly, like a bird-song sweet
and clear ;

For along the warm air rolling came a tide of
music strong,
Orpheus, offspring of Apollo, pour'd the torrent of
his song.

Sang he loud and solemn praises unto Gods that
rule above ;
And with his diviner music vainly all the Sirens strove ;

For his voice like mellow'd thunders from the dis-
tant valleys blown,
Overwhelm'd their feebler efforts in the fulness of
its own.

Thus he sailed in solemn triumph in amongst the
sunny isles,
Scorning all the songs of Sirens and the peril of
their smiles.

Surely Good shall prove the victor wheresoe'er it
meets with Wrong ;
Knowledge shall allay the fever thirsting for the
Siren-song ;

In the open war with Evil truest strength and
wisdom lie ;

In the doing of the Right the very thought of
Wrong shall die ;

Onward through the pleasant islands safely shall
the vessel move,

Songs of Sirens waxing fainter in the praise of
Gods above.

QUEEN PHILIPPA.

THE Clans had mustered fifty thousand strong ;
And, sweeping southward, like a wintry wind
Stript the Autumnal beauty from the fields.

But she, the wife of that stern-tempered King,
Whose thunder then shook Calais to its base,
Assembling thirteen thousand of her men,
Flung wide the gates of Durham, and came forth,
Amid the flash of arms in morning light,
To do fierce battle with her husband's foes.

Then, while her courage like a glory shone
Through the full beauty of her azure eyes,
She rode through all the length of glittering lines,
An angel of bright omen ! "Soldiers !" she cried :

Her voice a silver trumpet, and her words
A prophecy of triumph to her troops :
“Soldiers ! to-day we reap the high reward
Of valour in the praise of all brave men !
To-day shall Vict’ry crown our brows with flow’rs,
And Fortune throw new lustre on our arms !
Now, for our homes, and for our absent King,
And golden harvests ripening on the fields,
We fight, not by ourselves ; but God with us
Shall roll the waves of battle from our land.”

Lo ! Herald of her own high deeds of arms,
Across the bosom of the happy sea,
She comes a victor to the English camp ;
Received with shouts of welcome, and the clang
Of joyful trumpets, and the roll of drums.

Within the royal tent the mighty King
Stood, as a rock, that after terrible storms
Stands in the flush of sunset all unmoved,
While yet the wild waves toss about the base ;
And when a courtier lifted up his voice,
Praying the lives of those six men, the King
Frowned till he ceased, and answered not a word.

Then kneeling, suppliant, at the monarch’s feet,
Her golden tresses falling on his knee,

His gentle wife upraised her soft blue eyes,
And fair moon-face, suffused with tender tears,
And prayed the King to put away his wrath
For the dear sake of blessed Mary's Son.

He, while the frown passed cloud-like from his brow,
Looked on the lovely sorrow of his wife;
And all the cold resolve thawed in his breast;
And, bending down, he raised the victor Queen,
And smiling, granted her the lives she craved.

THE LIGHT OF SUMMER SUNSET.

I.

Not all the gold in miles of veins that lie in other
lands—
Not all the pearls that shine unseen in million
river sands—
Would make me leave our Northern land; for I
would live and die
Where the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

II.

Then sweeter is the fragrance of the groves of
blossom'd trees;

And clearer grows the humming of heavy-laden
bees ;
And softly sounds the song of birds about the
branches high,
While the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

III.

Oh, pleasant then to wander, in the cool of even-
time,
All underneath the yellow-tassell'd blossoms of the
lime ;
To watch the shadows deepen, and all the colours
die,
While the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

IV.

Then homeward come the herds of cows from
meadows green and sweet ;
And Robin, coming up the lane, by chance con-
trives to meet
With Mary, bringing home the milk, and both look
wondrous shy,
While the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

V.

And then they feel the magic as they wander all
alone ;
And kisses gain a sweetness that never yet was
known ;
And when he asks to "name the day," she puts
the question by,
While the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

VI.

Then village lads rejoice to leave the labours of
the day ;
The cricket-field is loud with mirth and hearty
earnest play ;
And grey-haired men look on and think of days that
are gone by,
And the light of Summer sunset lingers still about
the sky.

VII.

They gather also on the bench outside the ale-house
door,
And take their pipe and glass of ale—and think of
days of yore ;

And talk of crops, and politics, and church, both
 low and high,
Until the light of Summer sunset dwindles from the
 sky.

VIII.

Oh, not where burning suns pour down their heat
 and hateful blight,
And sudden darkness hides the sky in one black
 cloud of night,—
Not there would I be dwelling; but I would live
 and die,
Where the light of Summer sunset lingers long
 about the sky.

A RELIC OF OLD TIMES.

T. CRESWICK, R.A., 1860.

DARK against the amber morning stands the castle
 on the hill;
All the woods are waning yellow, and the air is
 calm and still;
Ever 'neath the silent ruin rolls the river broad
 and clear,
Winding from the distant bridges, smoothly gliding
 o'er the weir,

Gleaming like a polished mirror, till it nears the
shallower strand,
Where it smiles in silver dimples purling over
stone and sand.

There a ghostlike rippled image on its trembling
breast is borne,
Of the sweet moon growing pallid in the rival
lights of morn ;

There the woods are dimly shadow'd, and the
wavering castle wall,
With the splendour of the morning faintly floating
over all.

Lazy kine are idly standing in the shallows of the
stream,
Others plodding down the road-way chequer'd by
the morning gleam ;—

Many a time beneath the branches in the ancient
days of yore
Have the steel-clad bands of troopers clatter'd
downwards to the shore ;

Plashed across the ford, and, blazing with their
armour in the sun,

Passed away to fight and conquer, and return with
booty won.

Many a time those mould'ring tow'rs have trembled
to their lowest vault,
When the foe has swarmed before them clamb'ring
in the wild assault ;

When the air was filled with shouting and the
clang of thundering blows,
And the limpid stream was crimsoned with the
slaughter of the foes ;

Or in happier hours of pleasure echoed with the
mirthful song,
When the gates were all flung open, and the feast
was loud and long ;

Or about the banks and bowers glanced the silken
suited knights,
Breathing vows to stately ladies, joys of love, and
sweet delights.

These are gone ; and yon old castle moulders
grimly in decay ;
Other scenes than these have risen :—There has
dawned another day.

Rolls the river ever changing, ever gliding o'er the
weir ;

Burst the barren boughs with beauty in the spring-
time of the year ;

Glow the moon in all her splendour moving 'mid
the starry train ;

But the brave old ruin crumbles, never to arise
again.

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